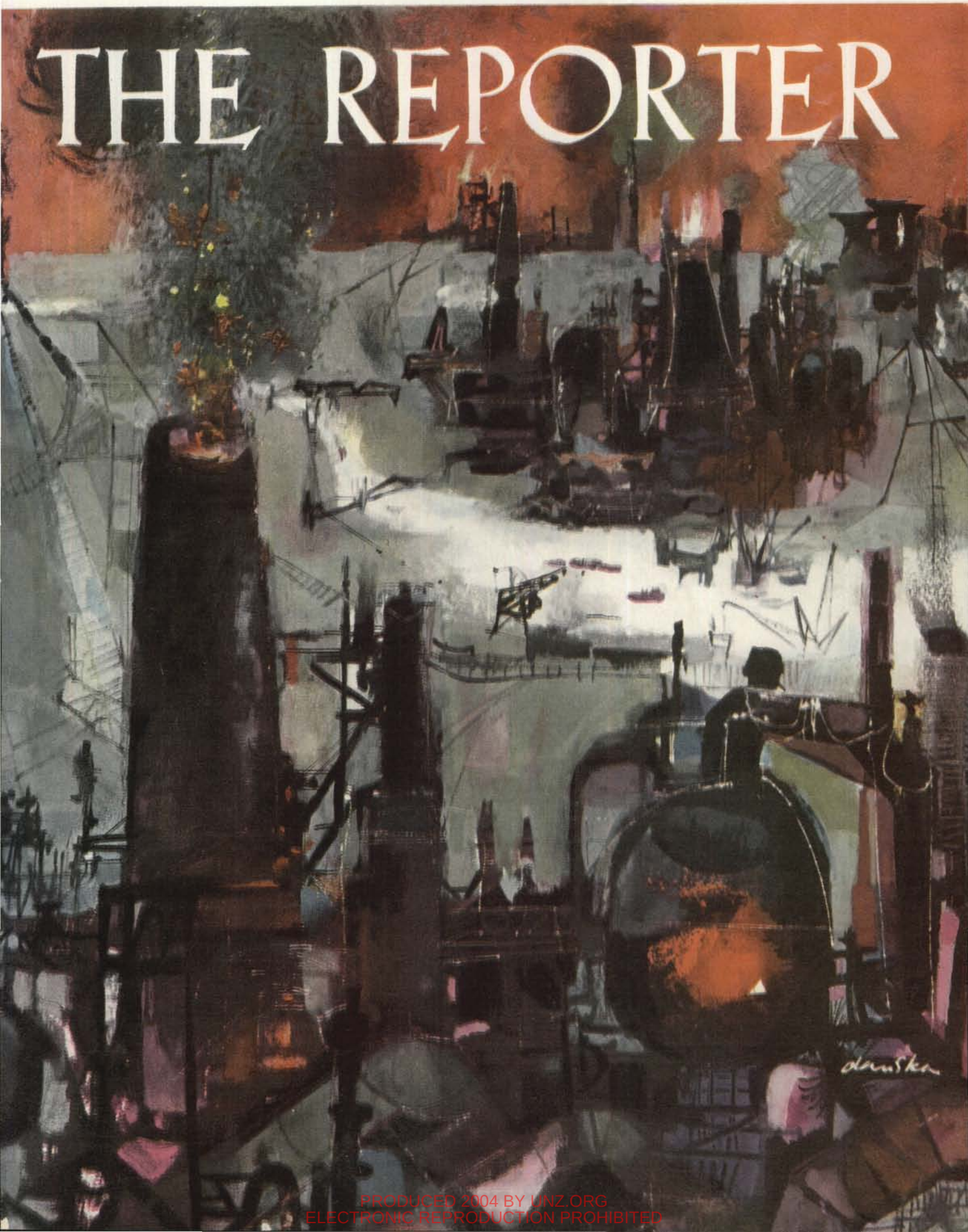
Forging an Economic Policy
May 28, 1959 25¢
LATIN AMERICA: THE HIDDEN REVOLUTION

THE REPORTER



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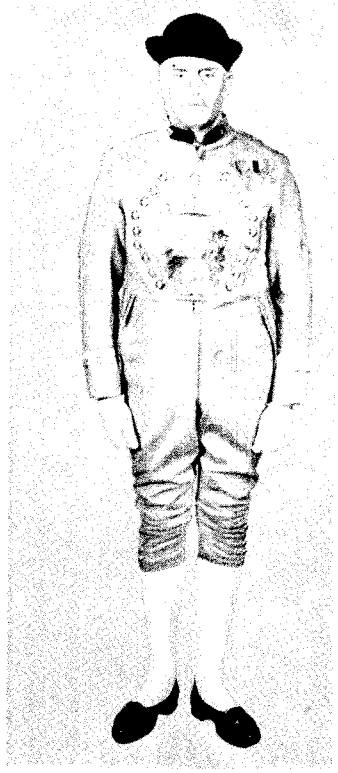
Royal Horse Guards. This is one of the uniforms of the Household Cavalry. You can see these troops almost any day—changing the guard in Whitehall.

The Scots Guards. This guardsman is a Pipe Major. He is armed with a claymore (broadsword); a dirk (dagger); and a skean dhu (a knife tucked in his sock).

Archdruid of Wales. These robes are worn by the chief druid at the Welsh *Eisteddfodau.* Plan to see one of these great festivals of poetry and song.



Queen's Bargemaster. The royal barge hasn't been used for years. You'll see this man at the State Opening of Parliament—riding on a coach!

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Sergeant Pikemen. Go to the Lord Mayor's Show in early November. You'll see these men on duty. They are members of Britain's oldest regiment.

The Irish Guards. Queen Victoria raised this regiment in honour of her gallant Irish troops. The soldier you see is a Drum Major in full ceremonial dress.

Scottish Archer. These men are the Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland. In 1818, they shot a contest against a team of American Indians. Result—an inconclusive draw.

Royal Choir Boy. The official name of these young choristers is the "Children of the Chapel Royal." You can hear them sing during Fall and Winter.

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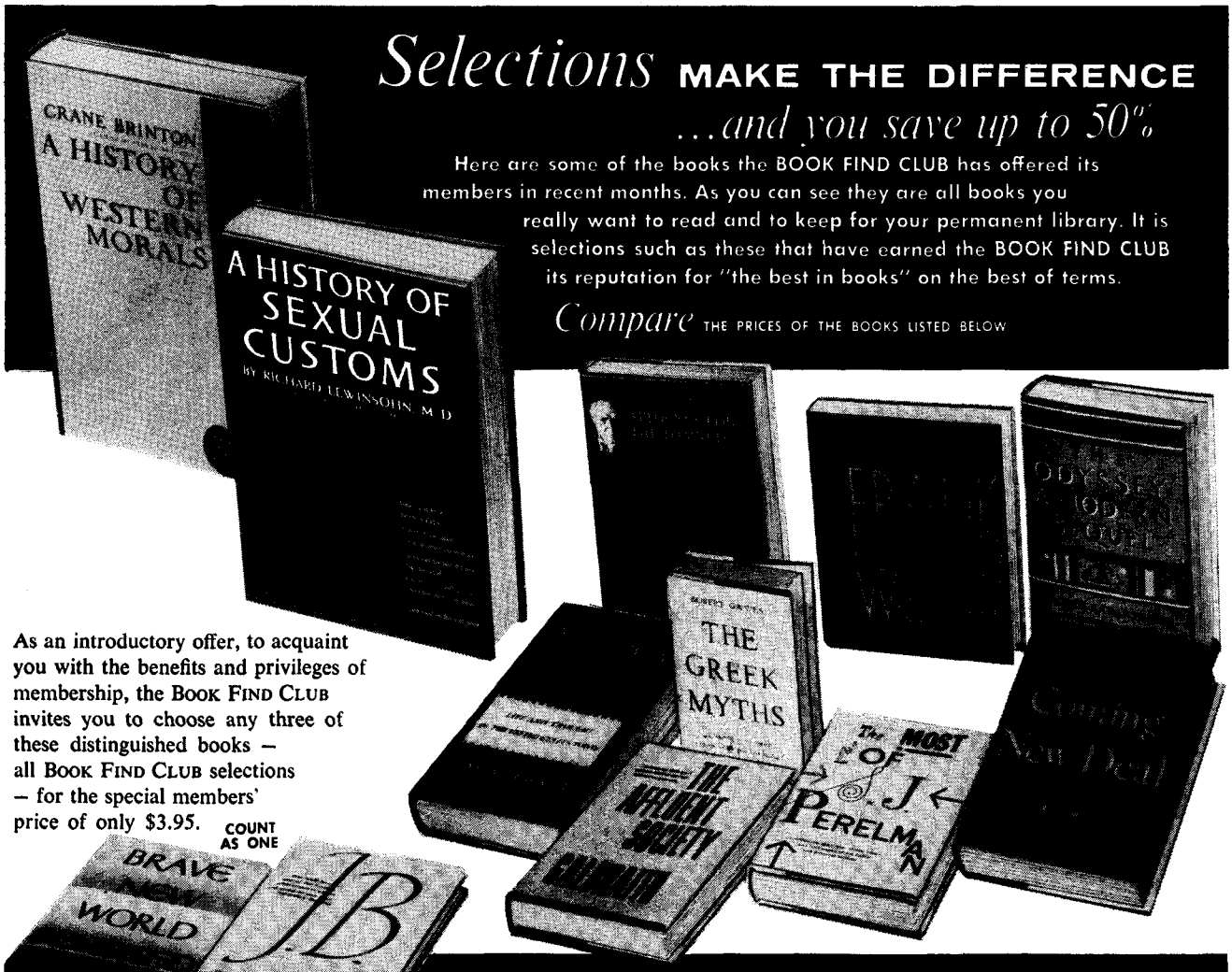

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Executive Disposes

Any future scholar who wishes to understand the decline of Congress vis-á-vis the Executive during the postwar years could not do better than study the legislative history of our foreign-aid programs. Every year, without fail, congressmen kick up a notable fuss about this issue. There are those who demand that the total be cut, whatever it may be. There are others who insist that the military program should be slashed in order to increase economic aid; and, of course, vice versa.

What all these points of view have in common is their prime irrelevance. Because many members of Congress still refuse to treat foreign aid as a serious and permanent commitment, the Executive has had to resort to all sorts of dodges to protect the national interest. The so-called "defense support" program usually passes without significant opposition—who can declare himself against defense support? If plain English were respected, and if this money were identified as simple subsidies to such countries as Korea, Laos, and Pakistan, it might not have such easy sailing. The Export-Import Bank rarely has any serious trouble—what congressman would attack a "bank?" Ditto for Eugene Black's World Bank. As for the "sale" (for largely worthless local currencies) of our surplus agricultural commodities, the farmers see nothing wrong with that, and Congress sees nothing wrong with the farmers.

The fuss this year is restricted to those portions of the Mutual Security bill that concern our military-aid program and the Development Loan Fund. Congress will doubtless show how doughtily it defends the American taxpayer by making cuts in both. But the estimates have been drawn up so as to discount these Congressional economies—and if worst came to worst, the necessary money could be found in another department and allocated to this same purpose, under some other name.

It all goes along quite well, in a pragmatic sense. The popular (or presumed-to-be-popular) gestures are made in Congress, and the needed work—as the Executive conceives it—gets done. There are, of course, a few stubborn and conscientious members of Congress who are not against foreign aid but who nonetheless would like to know what's really going on. But their persistence doesn't get them very far. If they inquire, for instance, how much is allocated each year to certain Latin-American countries for military aid, the answer is always the same: "classified."

Snobs of the World, Unite!

Everyone talks about one world, but only the advertising fraternity seems ever to do anything about it. Look at the soothing effect Commander Whitehead has had on Anglo-American relations. And now there is hope that Anglo-German discord too will vanish like a puff of smoke. If so, it will all be due to the imaginative avarice of Reemtsma, a name unfamiliar to many students of NATO but which is nonetheless important, since the firm of that name produces forty per cent of all cigarettes sold in West Germany. Reemtsma has just put on the market a new brand called Peter Stuyvesant—a name even more unpronounceable in German than Reemtsma is in English. All the advertising for this new cigarette is in English. ("Rich choice tobaccos," etc.), and the placards emphasize the insouciant elegance that goes with smoking a cigarette whose name you can't pronounce and whose advertisements you can't understand. It's going like hot cakes.

If neither hope nor fear can save the western alliance, perhaps *snobisme* can.

These Things Were Said

¶ There hasn't been any change in the salary of the job I hold for the last seven years.—Roger M. Blough, *Chairman of United States Steel Corporation.*

¶ Although she is a member of the

AD ASTRA PER ARDUA

"As part of their training program, the seven Mercury Astronauts will be whirled on human centifuges, placed in heat and pressure chambers, and hurled down over the Atlantic Ocean. . . ."—New York Times

Easy it was for poets on the ground
To sing of things like "reaching for a star,"
Knowing that speed of light and mind and sound
Alone could hope to penetrate that far.

Now they must reckon with the flesh of man
Shaken by all the instruments of hell
So that, in some not distant hour, it can
Touch what the spirit dreamed, and live to tell.

Perhaps the poet now is astronaut,
For nothing lesser would prepare to go
Beyond the limits of the known and taught
Simply to learn what truth there is to know.

—SEC

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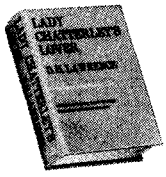

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President's Citizens' Advisory Committee on Youth Fitness, Miss Prudden does not expect results to come either from politicians or self-styled experts. "The only person in the country who can check this downward trend is Mrs. America," she said. . . . Miss Prudden has devised a program of exercises for the family. One simple device is to install a chinning bar at any doorway and chin yourself every time you go by.—*Report in the New York* Times.

¶I should like to make some observations of what I think might show up in a marketing audit of religion.

Product. Stated simply, is not eternal happiness, achieved through matching our actions against standards of right and wrong, the product offered by most religions?

Price. What price must our customers pay? Here I detect a wide variety of policies and practices among the various brands. . . . If, in fact, one cannot get to heaven by being a businessman and therefore does have to choose between business success and eternal happiness, I can well understand why some people might think the price is high. If, on the other hand, one need not choose but can literally have "all this and heaven, too," the product is one of the most fantastically attractive ever conceived. In either case, I conclude that the promotion has been terrible; on the one hand, the potential customer has not been persuaded that what appears to be a high price is really not high in light of the benefits to be received (that is, eternal rather than a fading happiness) or, on the other hand, he has not realized the value of the product relative to a rather low price. . . .

Promotion. . . . the first question with respect to promotion has to do with the product: Is it really well designed for the benefit of the consumer? My observations suggest that religion's product designers and promoters have been in what McNair calls the "egocentric predicament," that is, designing a product as *they* thought it ought to be rather than for the benefit of the free consumer. . . . .—*James W. Culliton, Dean of the College of Commerce, University of Notre Dame.*

A LINE ON THE MAP

BY ERIC SEVAREID

Toward the end of the Second World War, General de Gaulle lost his patience with Stalin in their negotiations over the new Polish régimes and ordered his car to drive to the airport. As he was about to leave his rooms, an emissary from Stalin asked him to see the dictator once more; an agreement was reached.

Before Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan flew to Moscow, his experts on Soviet Russia prepared their prognostication on how he would fare in the Russian capital. The reception would be privately and publicly warm and enthusiastic when he arrived, they predicted; then as Macmillan and Khrushchev got down to the hard core of their discussions the climate would turn frosty; Khrushchev would turn frosty; Khrushchev would probably offend the prime minister, even in public. Then, as the close of the visit came near, Khrushchev would become agreeable again, there would be public signs of friendship once more and a mutually acceptable communiqué would be signed. These predictions turned out to be precisely correct.

In Geneva, the Soviet foreign minister has been insisting on what would amount to a position of virtual equality for the representatives of the East German puppet régime at the Big Four foreign ministers' conference. This, too, had been expected. One of Russia's chief aims in the whole crisis over Berlin is to force recognition of East Germany in every possible manner and to foreclose all serious thought of East Germany as a temporary establishment; photographs of the East German foreign minister sitting at the same table with the big powers would be immensely useful to Russia when published throughout her satellite empire.

This tactic has been surmounted and the conference will proceed because it would make little sense for the Russians to scuttle the meeting at its very beginning; such an outcome would do more than anything else to prevent a later meeting at the summit, which Khrushchev is determined to have, by all available evidence. A summit meeting can and will come, even though the Geneva accomplishments are microsopic, but an embarrassing, ignominious breakup at the start probably would have put the summit meeting on ice.

This episode is so completely in character with Russian diplomatic methods that authorities on Russia are surprised that others are surprised. These are methods that did not originate with the Communists; they have been an expression of Russia's hostile, suspicious, ingrown political mentality for centuries. Negotiating with Russia on anything is an exhausting procedure because of this trait and technique; and when this difficulty is combined with the usual difficulty of keeping agreement among the western alliance negotiators themselves, it can be understood why modern diplomacy is no trade for the tired or the impatient.

Something is expected to come out of Geneva, even if it is no more than agreement to meet at the summit level of the heads of government; that puts the present talk into the category of a preliminary exercise and explains so much of the general climate of skepticism about it. But history may see this current spectacle in a different light, as symbolic of a new stage in world affairs. Fourteen years of a postwar pulling and hauling effort to restore the map and the conditions of Europe to a reasonable facsimile of the prewar status—this effort has come to its end. Russia is in Europe to stay; the United States is there to stay, in various forms and projects; the two Europes, West and East, are going to persist; very probably, the two Germanies are going to persist, for a generation, possibly many generations—one Germany under the influence of the authoritarian East, the other tied to the liberal West, and it is too soon to say whether this is a great misfortune for the world. Some of the oldest, most accepted frontiers in Europe were artificial and arbitrary in their origin; now we see a new one, being drawn in what very much looks like indelible ink.

For the postwar balance of power is shifting; it is shifting in Russia's favor; and the West has no choice but to find a new footing, one as solid as we can make it. This maneuvering over Berlin is the first realistic act in the long process.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio.)

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CORRESPONDENCE

ROADS TO DEATH

To the Editors: Daniel P. Moynihan touches upon several vital factors which deal with the underlying causes of highway traffic accidents ("Epidemic on the Highways," *The Reporter*, April 30). . . .

Somehow, it has never been put across to the public that to control an automobile is a dangerous undertaking which implies rules and controls that one day must be imposed in a measure similar to the strict regulation of all other forms of human transportation. These latter regulations have long since been fully recognized and serve effectively in the public interest. Why this should not be so in the case of the automobile is the result of long years of official neglect and a studied avoidance of safety measures in some important circles, all of which your article handles very succinctly.

T. N. Boate
Association of Casualty
and Surety Companies
New York

To the Editors: . . . I expect that we will have to depend upon both Federal and state legislation before we can force the automobile companies to do anything about this problem. It is an astounding thing to realize that out of the vast sums the auto companies have received from the sale of their products how little has been spent on research toward safety.

Fletcher D. Woodward, M.D.,
Chairman
Committee on Medical Aspects
of Automobile Injuries and Deaths
American Medical Association
Chicago

To the Editors: Never before have I read such an objective and unbiased presentation on the scope and significance of one of America's greatest but unrecognized national, economic, social, and health problems.

There is a cycle in time for the great problems of man, in a free society, to come into intelligent focus. This particular article may do much to hasten this day in the minds of those who hope that logic and science rather than emotion will eventually be given primary responsibility for the clarification of this much-confused misunderstanding of man in our society.

John O. Moore, Director
Automotive Crash Injury Research
of Cornell University

TENDER SUBJECT

To the Editors: In his letter published in your issue of April 30, Mr. A. C. Monteith of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation implied that the British authorities have adopted a policy of excluding foreign electrical generating equipment on national security grounds. Far from this being the case, the Central Electricity Authority (now succeeded by the Central Electricity Generating Board) was long ago informed that the United Kingdom Government would not wish to prevent the Authority from inviting tenders from foreign firms, including firms in the United States; and that they would not wish them to refrain from seeking any advantages that might be gained from inviting foreign tenders.

As Mr. Monteith should know, his own firm was subsequently invited by the Central Electricity Board to tender for some heavy transformers, but did not bid. Incidentally, Westinghouse currently has a contract from the United Kingdom Government to supply an atomic propulsion unit. There is, therefore, no basis for Mr. Monteith's supposition that there is an overriding policy that would prevent the purchase of foreign equipment which offers adequate technical or commercial advantages.

K. H. Huggins
Commercial Counselor
British Embassy
Washington

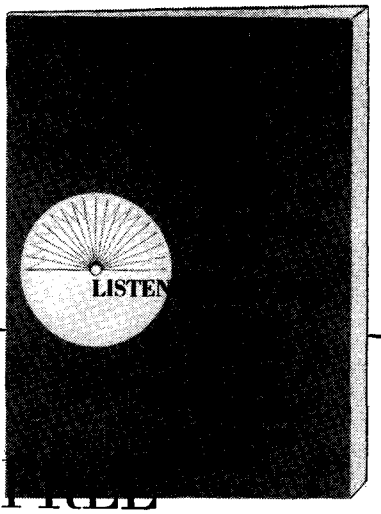
THE GENTLE ART

To the Editors: John L. Hess has done a commendable job ("The Gentle Art of Tax Avoidance," *The Reporter*, April 16) in calling attention to tax inequities, but it would be unfortunate if he left readers with the unqualified impression that the present tax code "has been a windfall for philanthropy."

Aggregate giving to colleges and universities has increased in recent years at a somewhat more rapid rate than giving to religion, health, welfare, and other causes. . . . But giving for *all* purposes, relative to income, has shown little change in the past twelve years. . . .

Paul E. Klopsteg, President
American Association for the
Advancement of Science
Glenview, Illinois

To the Editors: Not long ago *The Reporter* claimed that another magazine had invented a new form of fiction—news-fiction—and you demanded that it so label its articles. The offender, you said, had been guilty of some highly slanted writing. John L. Hess, "a New York newspaperman who specializes in business news," might well have taken this to heart in his article on "The Gentle Art of Tax Evasion." Like so much that *The Reporter* prints about matters connected with the business world, this article was filled with half truths and truths only half stated. The issue of our overly complex tax system is a serious one and deserving of serious consideration. No clear service is rendered by printing an article



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which tells only half the story, reaches or implies conclusions based on assumptions which are presented as undisputed when they are open to question, and generally serves to confuse an already difficult question. If, however, you feel this is the kind of thing you want to publish, I think you really ought to label it as "Business News-Fiction."

T. F. Powers
Cleveland

To the Editors: Mr. Hess's article brings to mind the bias of our tax structure against the lower-bracket taxpayers.

While corporations are allowed tax-loss carryovers from deficit years, unemployed workers receive no benefit other than the reduction of their tax liability on the basis of their lower earnings. The hardship of unemployment and the consequent loss of income and the need to postpone debt obligations, such as mortgages and insurance premiums, cannot be considered in future tax periods.

Stephen G. Esrati
Boston

To the Editors: If the oil business is really as lucrative as John L. Hess suggests, the big question that comes to mind is why Mr. Hess—and every other American who might have a dollar to invest—doesn't get into the business. The answer is obvious. Impartial statistics prove that oil production isn't really any rosier, from a profit or tax standpoint, than the average American business.

The 27.5 per cent depletion rate for oil and gas was arrived at by Congress—not by oilmen—in 1926. Depletion hasn't survived continuous scrutiny for the last thirty-three years because of any black-magic powers of the oil industry. It is still the law of the land because it has proved to be the fairest, most equitable method yet devised to make the search for oil financially feasible. Just for the record, only one out of nine rank wildcats finds even a trace of oil or gas, and only about one in fifty ultimately produces in what can be considered commercial quantities. Without an adequate percentage depletion rate, no one in his right mind would want to tangle with those odds.

Contrary to Mr. Hess's beliefs, relatively small producers are among the most eloquent spokesmen for depletion. It is they who drill at least four-fifths of all wildcats, produce thirty-six per cent of domestic crude, and operate many of the nation's 372,000 marginal wells.

If it were not for percentage depletion, the tendency would be for these small producers to sell out to their larger competitors and take the benefit of the capital-gains tax (maximum rate twenty-five per cent). The result would be an increasing concentration of production in the hands of big producers.

Charles W. Shepherd
New York

Mr. Hess comments:
The rate of failures in drilling for oil is considerably lower than, say, in writing plays, and is no greater than the rate of failure in setting up small businesses. But playwrights and small businessmen get no depletion allowance.

As to my getting into the oil business, well, it's this way. Rich men scrambling for the depletion allowance have run the price of oil stocks and leases up so high I can't afford it.

OUR FIRST DECADE

To the Editors: Congratulations on your tenth birthday. Perhaps this salutation means little coming from an obscure second-year California law student, but it is sincere. I say this because I feel your "experiment in adult journalism" has had much to do with this student's continuing realization of the components of our complex society. . . .

Eugene Hill
San Francisco

To the Editors: . . . I have been grateful for the existence of *The Reporter* since its first issue in 1949. As a refreshingly candid, incisive, and hardheaded newcomer to the publishing world ten years ago, it sent a thrill of hope through the entire liberal community in America. It is a tribute to Max Ascoli's leadership and character that the magazine for which we had such hopes in 1949 has not only endured but has become one of the few genuinely creative molders of opinion in American publishing.

In a very busy life, I invariably take time to read the twice-monthly copies of *The Reporter*. It has acquired a unique authority in its ten years; it has motivated, through its reporting-in-depth, numerous changes of public policy during this past decade—a singular record in which all who participate in *The Reporter's* life can take real pride.

Hubert H. Humphrey
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I am wholly incompetent to make intelligent criticism of what appears in print, so I can only say . . . that I read *The Reporter* regularly and with profit, find it both stimulating and unpredictable, and wish that something could be done to increase its circulation to truly massive proportions.

Edward R. Murrow
New York

To the Editors: I have long been tempted to write a letter to *The Reporter* to express my deep gratitude to you for simply publishing such a periodical. I have yet to put it down without thinking to myself, "What a wonderful magazine," and feeling a real thankfulness that there are still some who are not afraid to pursue the less popular causes and bring to the American public not only what they want to know but what they *ought* to know.

Joyce M. Conklin
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editors: Permit me personally, and on behalf of the United Church of Canada Committee on the Church and International Affairs, to extend congratulations to you and the other members of the staff of *The Reporter* on the completion of the first decade of your magazine. It is encouraging to note that you have a circulation of 125,000.

As you will know from your mailing list, your publication goes to many places in the world, including your neighbor to the North. Many Canadians have a high regard for your magazine and the committee on which I serve as secretary is much interested in it. Not infrequently we send out, in rather an extensive way, several copies of your publication.

Rev. J. R. Mutchmor
The United Church of Canada
Toronto

To the Editors: I want to congratulate you on the tenth anniversary . . . and tell you that I feel you have developed your magazine into one of the most important influences in the country. I know how dedicated you are, and how proud you must be of the achievement.

Walter F. Wanger
Twentieth Century-Fox Studios
Beverly Hills, California

To the Editors: My sincerest congratulations on the tenth birthday of *The Reporter*. This remarkable magazine, which under your guidance has steadily fought intolerance, hypocrisy, and stupidity, proves by its record that journalism to be successful need not cater to sensationalism or to pressure groups.

The Reporter is a bright bellwether; a conscience for all of us who believe that the spread of knowledge is essential to a free world.

May you have many more anniversaries for your many admirers, among whom I would like to be counted.

Alicia Patterson
Editor and Publisher
Newsday
Garden City, Long Island

To the Editors: It's hard to believe *The Reporter* is ten years old; it seems to me to have been part of the scene much longer.

You have certainly kept faithfully to the high standards you originally set, and I remember them so well—the crusading spirit of the old New York *World* to be reborn in the field of magazines.

I have rarely missed an issue since the first, and that only by some bad chance.

More power to you!

Harry Scherman
Book-of-the-Month Club
New York

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To the Editors: . . . The invitation to comment is, in itself, typical of the spirit of objectivity, self-inquiry, and—I must add—balanced self-confidence of *The Reporter*. In considering what it has meant to me, however, I see how much easier it is to read with appreciation than to comment with appraisal.

Not being an avid periodical reader, I lack a well-based standard of comparison, but I know that comparison is not what you are seeking. In any event, I am glad to tell you what I think *The Reporter* has meant to me. It satisfies at least three requirements:

Your editorial comment I find both meaty and well-seasoned. It seems to me you combine in a quite unusual way an expression of personality, together with an analytical approach which makes your editorials weighty to a degree I do not find consistently in newspapers or other periodicals, British or American.

Secondly, *The Reporter* articles, issue in and issue out, reflect for me an excellent cross-sectioning of liberal and informed opinion. I know of no comparable vehicle in this respect. At times I find your pieces too short and perhaps skimpy, and I would welcome somewhat longer treatments if that were consistent with your general logistical problem.

Finally, I believe that the over-all impact of *The Reporter* penetrates to a dimension deeper than any other periodical of which I am aware. I particularly but not solely refer here to coverage of Washington trends and developments. I should like even more of this, if you can fit it in.

ERNEST A. GROSS
New York

To the Editors: Yours is a great magazine. I find it invaluable because the articles are timely, yet invariably based on careful research and analysis.

No other magazine achieves this feat as consistently at does yours.

I hope you continue on this most constructive path. The influence you exercise, in Congress and the country, is large and continues to grow.

Again my congratulations to you on a job well done.

STUART SYMINGTON
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The contributions of *The Reporter* to my understanding of the world scene over the past ten years have been frequent and varied. I am sure that I also speak for many of my associates in offering you congratulations on your tenth anniversary.

In looking to the future, I hope *The Reporter* will continue to enlarge its coverage of international events. I am confident that in doing so, you can help many of us view those events with greater clarity.

ARTHUR K. WATSON, President
IBM World Trade Corp.
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"THE ECONOMY of Heaven is dark/ And wisest clerks have missed the mark," lamented Charles Lamb. We leave the theology of this matter to others, but would only observe that things do not seem to be so very different in the sublunary region we inhabit. For an age of sophisters, economists, and calculators, as it has been cruelly described, ours has had remarkable difficulty with its reckoning. After the last war, when a depression was expected, we found ourselves floating airily on the crest of an unprecendented boom. Then, when we were flattering ourselves that we finally knew how to manage this devilishly complicated economic system of ours, we began experiencing fits of depression that appeared as uncalled for as they were intractable. Only recently, a Senate committee finished listening to the analyses of a couple of dozen expert economists, and just about the only thing they agreed upon was that they couldn't all be right.

Perhaps the main cause of this muddle, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, is that we try to think about new problems in homely and familiar terms. "Balancing the budget," for the government of the United States, is an operation different in principle and meaning from what the prudent householder does. We also hang on for dear life to a formula once we have recognized it: inflation does not today, in this country, under these circumstances, mean "too many dollars chasing too few goods," nor does depression mean a deficit in purchasing power (our work force continues to grow regularly). But those are the definitions we once settled on, and we are loath to surrender them.

The two leading articles, by **John T. Dunlop** and **Representative Henry S. Reuss** (D., Wisconsin), are attempts at disengagement from this kind of loose and easy thinking. Mr. Dunlop is a professor of economics at Harvard. His article is excerpted and adapted from a much longer essay which he prepared for a recent meeting of the American Assembly at Arden House. The full text of his essay will appear in a book to be published in June, *Wages, Prices, Profits and Productivity,* which will also include papers by Clark Kerr, John Duesenberry, and several other leading economists.

Representative Reuss was assistant general counsel for the Office of Price Administration, and is now a member of the House Banking and Currency Committee as well as of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress.

ALTHOUGH Cuba is an island, the Castro revolution was by no means an insular and isolated phenomenon. As **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** points out, the revolt against demagogues and petty dictatorships has been going on for some time—and met with considerable success—throughout the southern half of the hemisphere we *Norteamericanos* share with our Latin neighbors. Mr. Berle, former ambassador to Brazil, is the author of *Tides of Crisis: A Primer of Foreign Relations* and *The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution.* . . . The game the Russians have been playing at Geneva is a complicated one, but **Isaac Deutscher** makes it clear that although their short-term tactics may change from day to day, their over-all strategic plans never waver. The second volume of Mr. Deutscher's biography of Trotsky, to be entitled *The Prophet Unarmed,* will be published by Oxford University Press next September. . . . **S. Chandrasekhar** is director of the Indian Institute for Population Studies in Madras. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** editor of *Jazz Review,* appears frequently in our pages. . . . **Charles Curran,** whose views will surely be received with hearty disagreement by some of our readers, is a veteran British journalist who is now political commentator of the London *Evening News.*

RAY ALAN'S articles on France and the Middle East have appeared frequently in *The Reporter.* . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** a New York record critic and radio commentator, is also an independent producer of classical LPs. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is the editor of *Arts* magazine. . . . **Steven Marcus** teaches English at Columbia University. . . . **Joseph Wood Krutch** won the National Book Award in 1954 for his *The Measure of Man.* A listing of his writings on literary and intellectual history would fill this section by itself. . . . **Robert Shaplen** is the author of *Free Love and Heavenly Sinners* (Knopf, 1954), an account of one of the more delicious nineteenth-century American scandals. . . . **John Thompson,** who formerly taught English at Columbia, is now executive director of the Farfield Foundation in New York City.

Our cover, an impression of steel plants, is by **Herbert Danska.**

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VOLUME 20, NO. 11 **MAY 28, 1959**

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Home Economics

MAYBE, as some people claim, there is a Great Debate now on the condition of the nation's economy; but, to judge at least from the appearances, it is difficult to see how the latest exhibition of economic pronouncements on Capitol Hill differs from the preceding ones. Nowadays professional economists are invited to testify before Congressional investigating committees with about the same regularity as cabinet officials. With equal regularity, whenever a conflict arises between employers and employees in major sectors of the economy, each side hires public-relations experts to present its case to the people. Since both Big Business and Big Labor can afford the best, their oversimplified arguments against inflation, for greater productivity, or for the blessings of increased purchasing power are presented with highly professional slickness.

Thus the most powerful and mature free economy in the world deliberately keeps expressing itself in baby talk. This is true of business, of labor, and, perhaps even more, of the Federal government—evidence being the singular consistency our Chief Executive has exhibited in claiming that the government must pattern its economic policy on that of the family.

For instance, at a press conference last year President Eisenhower said: "I believe we should spend today only what we can show to be a very necessitous expenditure, so that the Government can take away—first of all, by its limiting of expenditures, help avoid deficits or at least too big deficits; and, secondly, can show the example for good housekeeping and good fiscal arrangements, both in businesses and in the private home."

What the President means by "fiscal arrangements . . . in the private home" is rather obscure—unless it is that most homes are bought on easy terms and furnished on the installment plan. But certainly the President is not alone in assuming that the same principles of accounting and of good housekeeping can apply to the running of an average family, a peanut stand, a giant corporation, or the Federal government. Yet we are all supposed to be familiar enough with the Constitution to know that, unlike the Federal government, a family cannot "coin Money, regulate the Value thereof," nor "lay and collect Taxes." But again it must be admitted that many such outlandish notions are still widely and sincerely held by prominent as well as by plain people in our country—people who cannot easily give up the cult of what is small, and cozy, and somehow to their measure.

THE REALITY that faces us as a nation is far from cozy. The biggest concentrations of interests dominate the economic realm; and if the Federal government, which is the ultimate instance of bigness, is to keep Big Business and Big Labor in check, so as to leave some room for individual initiative and privacy—if this is to be done, a great effort must be made to reconcile our patterns of thinking with the reality that surrounds us.

So, in these days of frantic discussions about steel, it is imperative to realize that Big Labor is vitally tied to Big Business—even when the two pretend to be locked in a showdown fight. In other words, were our economy centralized in Wall Street, as the Communists assume, and ruled from there, the House of Labor would be one of Wall Street's tallest buildings.

Actually, the Houses of Labor are in Washington, for the labor leaders still feel insecure and do not want to stop lobbying. As the newest potentates in American business, they patronize the plushiest playgrounds for their outings and conventions. Yet when the time comes for major collective bargaining, labor and management do not meet in Washington or Miami but in the real economic centers of the nation. The two have learned how to coexist, even while hurling indictments across the bargaining table or in paid newspaper advertisements.

An instance of labor-management stormy partnership can be a strike, sometimes a prolonged strike. A strike can allow the management of an entire industry to dispose of its inventory, while the whole labor force takes a rest. At the end of the strike or shortly thereafter, a considerable number of workers will remain unemployed, while wages and then prices are being raised. The classic example is that of the United Mine Workers. During the last decade, employment in mining has fallen from nearly half a million to less than two hundred thousand. Technological improvement in mining practices, substitutes for coal, and the Shakespearean leadership of John L. Lewis did it.

A STEEL STRIKE, possibly lasting for weeks, may be in the making, which will lead to an increase in wages and prices, as well as unemployment among steel workers. Only the unemployed and the citizens at large—not the leaders of business and labor—will be the losers.

All of this, of course, assuming that the Federal government keeps its hands off. It certainly will, if it insists on limiting its rules of action to the time-honored observances of family housekeeping.

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What Price Stability?

JOHN T. DUNLOP

THE PROSPECT of a long-term average rise in prices of 1.5 to 2.0 per cent a year is one of the most disturbing problems of American life today. In considering the experience and discussion both here and in Britain since 1953, one can distinguish pretty much the same four varieties of diagnosis and prescription.

1 According to a first group of economic doctors, the central difficulty is an excess of demand, which stimulates a rise in wage rates and prices. The disease is of the circulatory system, an excessive secretion of the monetary gland. The cure prescribed is a tight monetary and fiscal policy. Some of the doctors, regarded as less sound by those who pride themselves on being more sound, are worried that the amount of medicine required to cure may be almost as bad as the illness itself.

2 The central difficulty, says another group of diagnosticians, is that money rewards rise faster than productivity: the malady is wage costitis. The old-fashioned remedy was a complete rest—idleness for five to ten per cent of the work force. Most modern physicians regard this cure as too drastic; moreover, the patient these days simply will not take such medicine. A number of research workers have been discovering the collective-bargaining mechanism, a part of the economic anatomy hitherto left to a little-regarded fringe of the profession.

3 The central difficulty, says a third group of economic doctors, is psychological. The malady is of the economic mind or will. The patient wants too much of too many good things; he refuses to face reality and the necessity for stern choices. He wants a continuing high degree of employment, full utilization of productive capacity to meet demands from home and abroad, increased leisure and shorter working weeks, labor peace, the absence of all direct government controls over production, prices, and wages, and so on. The stern prescription is simply to choose a more limited group of objectives and to arrange a clearer scale of priorities.

4 The central difficulty lies in temporary or permanent structural defects in the economy, says the fourth group of economic doctors. These defects include an entrenched public policy for agriculture that prohibits increasing productivity from being reflected in lower prices; the shifting composition of output toward government activities and the service industries, in which increases in productivity appear to be low or unmeasurable; the inflation-generating role of those elements in our economy which are dominated by a handful of firms whose price schedules tend to be inflexible, and the rise of strong unions in such oligopolies. According to this diagnosis, the patient grew up this way, the body has taken a certain shape, and any cure is bound to be slow and painful.

Where the Shoe Pinches

How high a price in terms of more labor strife is the community willing to pay for price stability? If managements are to secure settlements below an average figure of four or five per cent a year, there

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will probably be more strikes over money at contract-renewal times. But will managements face a strike over another two or three cents when profits are high, when labor relations may have become friendly, when a strike may cause an intensive search for alternative sources of supply and for substitute goods on the part of customers, and when the friendly cooperation of the union and work force is vital to the introduction of new machinery and other means of raising productivity? It is not the rhetorical appeals on the part of national employers' associations against "inflationary" wage increases that count, or the urging on of another firm to take the lead ("Let's you and the union fight"), or the smooth and catchy speeches of business leaders printed in attractive form and distributed to stockholders, the press, and educators. It is what the firm actually does at five minutes before midnight, when it must balance going a little higher on wage rates against taking a strike with the related complaints of customers and potential loss of accounts. It is on such occasions that the cost of stability is tested.

How high a price in terms of unemployment is the community willing to pay for stability? It is possible to enhance wage and price stability by creating a higher average level of unemployment. In the period from 1953 to 1958, unemployment averaged 4.7 per cent of the civilian labor force. In 1958 the figure averaged 6.8 per cent. Is the American community prepared to increase these figures to achieve greater price stability?

How high a price is the community willing to pay for price stability in terms of a more detailed, more flexible, and a wider range of government controls? While direct controls are likely to be most effective, at least for short periods, in stopping the upward movement of prices, the community most distrusts these devices. Every schoolboy can report on the evils of bureaucracy and on the malignant effects of direct controls in distorting the most effective allocation of resources. But general monetary and fiscal controls also have their limitations. Small businesses, home builders, farmers, state and municipal governments, and other types of borrowers may be relatively disadvantaged by stringent monetary controls.

I SUBMIT that there is not much evidence to show that the American community is now willing to barter any of the afore-mentioned items in return for more price stability.

I would also like to make explicit my own view, which is that the American community has been paying too high a price for the degree of stability already achieved, in terms of unemployment, loss of production, and loss of relative position vis-à-vis the Soviet bloc. In my preference scale, we can no longer afford, even at the cost of more inflation, the average level of unemployment of the past five years. Indeed, the United States requires a much higher rate of growth and of capital formation in the next five years than we

have had in the last five, and it is imperative to our national interests that we use our labor force to a higher degree.

Is Labor the Villain?

Many of those who are concerned about inflation feel that a reform of the institutions of collective bargaining is the major remedy for all our economic ills. There is an oft-repeated view that strong upward pressure on wages is attributable in part to an alleged lack of "democratic procedures" within labor organizations, and that reform of internal union government will make a significant contribution to the control of inflation. A variety of internal union-reform legislation, including provision for government-conducted strike votes, has been seriously argued for on these grounds. The premise is that the leadership has been pushing for wage increases, even to the point of strikes, which the rank and file would otherwise forgo.

The attempt to support proposals for internal reform of unions by the argument from inflation reflects a serious misunderstanding of the actual relationships between union officers and members. A leadership more responsive to the immediate preferences of workers would no doubt on balance result in *larger* wage increases and *more* strikes. This view is supported by experience with bargaining under conditions of union rivalry and weak leadership, and by the fact that the bargaining process necessarily requires that in most settlements workers accept the recommendations of the leadership. That line of argument is misinformed which holds that legislation reducing the power of union leaders, or providing for more detailed participation by union members in decisions of the union, will curb wage increases. It is time that the case for needed internal labor reform is separated from the inflation problem.

The view is often expressed these days, by serious students of economics who are without experience in labor-management relations, that the power of unions to raise wages should be curbed by legislation designed to circumscribe the area of bargaining or to limit the methods of conflict or pressure. These proposals include the further application of the antitrust laws to unions and to wage setting, the further restriction of boycotts and secondary action, and further limitations on strikes and picketing. It is my own considered judgment that such policies are impractical and unadministrable, and would not produce the intended results.

THE PROPOSALS to break up industry-wide bargaining usually refer to nation-wide settlements, such as in steel, automobiles, coal, and railroads. But instead of splitting up areas of uniform wage setting, a more likely development is the emergence of more formal arrangements for market-wide bargaining. In the basic steel industry the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation has been gradually replaced in the past decade by a formal negotiating committee representing a number of the major producers. In the automobile industry the negotia-

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tions of 1958 saw a much closer relationship among the big three producers than in previous years, although joint negotiations have not yet been established. The growth of more formal bargaining arrangements on a multicompany basis may be expected in meat packing, aluminum, and other industries.

This kind of industry-wide negotiation is the likely direction of development in bargaining institutions, rather than any artificial or paper fractionalizing of the bargaining process. It is difficult to predict the magnitude of impact of such developments on the size of contract settlements, but it is possible that contract changes may be more modest and that the larger scope of bargaining may more explicitly consider the consequences of settlements on the larger community. In other words, industry-wide bargaining may well turn out to be *less* inflationary.

In Place of Platitudes

One of the most persistent ways in which government spokesmen have sought to influence the results of bargaining institutions is through gratuitous advice and general preachments to the parties concerned. The following excerpts from the 1959 "Economic Report of the President" are illustrative:

"Leaders of labor unions have a particularly critical role to play, in view of the great power lodged in their hands. Their economic actions must reflect awareness that the only road to greater material well-being for the Nation lies in the fullest realization of our productivity potential and that stability of prices is an essential condition of sustainable economic growth. . . . Self-discipline and restraint are essential if reasonable stability of prices is to be reached within the framework of the free competitive institutions on which we rely heavily for the improvement of our material welfare."

Preachments from this sort of text, even when spoken by the President, have no more effect on the tides of inflation than the words of King Canute adjuring the waves. The moral lectures that emerge from Presidential news conferences, on the subject of steel wages and steel prices, are likely to have no other result than to increase the probability of a strike and to make the eventual settlement more difficult to reach.

Nevertheless, it does seem to me that the full potential of the leadership of the Federal government has never been used persistently and imaginatively to shape decisions by private parties on wages and prices, or to influence the climate of ideas within which such decisions are made. Over long periods, it is substantially true that, as Keynes concluded in his *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, ". . . it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil." If the Federal government expects to influence the ideas of the parties to collective bargaining, it must abandon repetitive platitudes and meet with labor and management representatives regularly, to discuss and debate in free exchange and with detailed statistics the economic setting in which wage and price decisions are made.

MORE SPECIFICALLY, the following suggestions might be tried:

After the "Economic Report of the President" has been transmitted to Congress and there have been hearings before the joint Congressional committee, the Secretary of Labor might convene each year in the early spring a three-day conference with leading representatives of labor and management. The chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, the Secretary of the Treasury, and other government officials should present their detailed analysis of the short-term and the long-term economic outlook. Representatives of management and labor should be given the opportunity to discuss these views of the administration and to present material and judgments of their own. In addition to formal sessions, there might well be informal off-the-record periods of free give-and-take.

The purpose of these annual discussions should be to develop a consensus insofar as possible, or to narrow the range of views concerning the major problems confronting the economy as a whole. These discussions would not be general negotiations, nor should they be designed to prejudice any particular contract negotiations. But with the government helping to outline the economic problems and the economic climate, the interchange would benefit all three groups. The fundamental point is that imaginative government leadership should press beyond annual cautions and preachments to more direct exchange of ideas and information in a society of free men and free collective bargaining—and particularly in a society in which the level of general education and the detail and quality of statistical and economic information have been growing rapidly in the past generation.

The most strategic industrial sector

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for any policy that would grapple with long-term inflation is the steel industry. A vast literature and controversy have grown up around recent price and wage movements in this industry. The unions blame the price policies of the industry. The industry regards itself as being a "victim rather than a cause of inflation" and stresses the role of wage-rate increases, which rose more than the increase in productivity. The academic profession is divided, some taking labor or management's side and others taking the attitude of a plague on both your houses.

There seems to me little point in getting into the argument between the union and the industry as to which is more responsible for the recent inflation. It is important to understand that what happened followed from each operating within its own frame of reference. In the industry's view it has sought valiantly to resist unwarranted wage increases by enduring five nation-wide strikes since the end of the Second World War. It has had to push up prices in order to meet these higher wage costs and the rising costs of replacement of equipment not allowed in depreciation for tax purposes, and to secure profits to meet the needs for expansion. The union, on the other hand, has chosen to emphasize the oligopolistic power of the industry to set prices, and to assert that profits warranted higher wage rates, particularly when the industry was operating at peak capacity, as during the period surrounding the decisive contract negotiations in 1956. I do not believe that theoretical understanding or policy wisdom is to be found in pursuing the arguments of whether the pot or the kettle is blacker.

The Grip of Steel

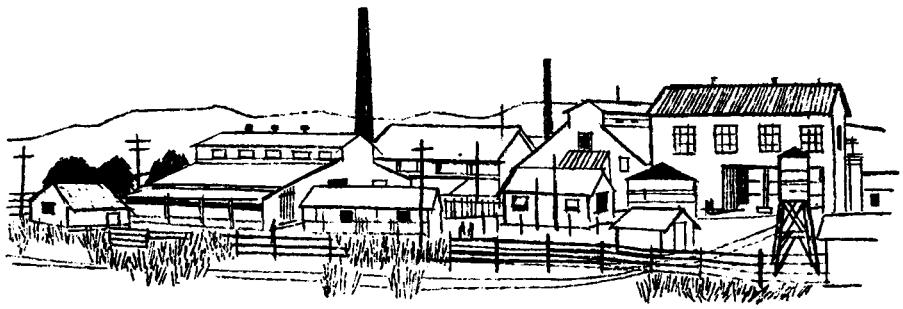
My analysis of the decisive mechanism of wage and price movements in basic steel in recent years may be stated briefly, recognizing that other factors may also have been operative. The central problem of steel, so far as concerns inflation, has been how to finance expensive new capacity in an industry where increases in productivity have not been significantly different from the average of manufacturing. If the industry is to finance new capacity substantially from within, prices must be increased to provide the profits for expansion. But such profits necessarily stimulate higher wage increases than would otherwise take place. This has been the central dilemma.

A contrast between basic steel and another industry that ramifies widely throughout the economic system will be instructive. In the postwar period of 1947-1957, wages and prices in bituminous coal both increased—wages particularly sharply, although not quite so rapidly as in steel (eighty-five per cent compared to 100 per cent). But the price of coal increased only one-third the percentage rise in steel, and productivity increased more than double that of steel. The substitution of other fuels for coal, the rapid rise in output per man-hour, and the absence of the problem of expansion in heavy-cost capacity made the difference.

The community has a major problem in the steel industry if it continues to demand additional capacity, as is indispensable in the context of both our international obligations and our desired economic growth. The expansion of steel capacity, financed by the industry, generates wage and price increases in this strategic industrial center. From the point of view of short-run public policy, it seems to me that there is a particularly strong case for re-examination of the possibility of financing steel capacity by rapid amortization or by other methods used in wartime. From the longer point of view, the gradual growth of effective substitutes for steel, a process under way in a number of industries, is likely to prove the most effective deterrent to wage and price increases in this sector. The community will slowly become less dependent on steel, and a relatively smaller proportion of its materials requirements will be provided by steel; the growth of concrete structures in construction and the expansion of aluminum and plastics in manufacturing are examples. I have little confidence in seeking to affect steel price and wage movements by means of legislation designed to alter the marketing structure of the industry (e.g., antitrust action) or its collective-bargaining procedures.

THERE IS no inflation devil, nor is there a single, miraculous remedy for long-term inflation. Some sectors of the economy are particularly strategic in generating and diffusing inflation throughout the system, or in preventing greater than average increases in productivity from being reflected in lower prices.

Basic steel, agriculture, medical services, construction, and government services are among these key sectors. Long-term inflation can be most effectively tackled by specific measures applied in each such sector by labor and management jointly, by imaginative governmental leadership, and—occasionally—by resort to legislation or to the correcting of present legislative policies (as in agriculture). In construction, the task is to eliminate some inefficient work practices while increasing the scale of operations; in agriculture, by allowing gains in productivity to be reflected in lower prices; in steel and medical services, by finding a way to enlarge capacity without resorting to higher prices; and in government services, by striving for more efficiency. The long-run inflation problem is an aggregate of separate problems requiring a wide variety of private and some public measures.



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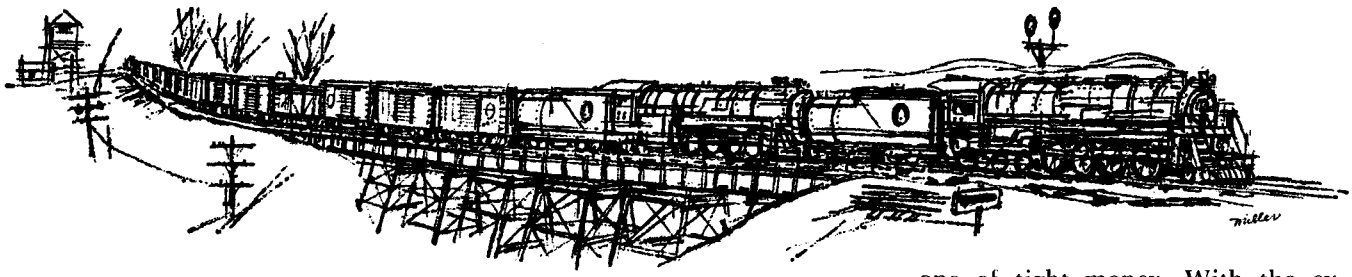

Facing Up to the Facts

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY S. REUSS

At his May 5 press conference President Eisenhower, asked about possible price increases by Big Steel, replied:

"I say this, and I say it and emphasize it: Here is something in which not only government but public, the whole public, 175 million people are involved and their interests are going to be preserved or damaged or possibly even advanced by decisions reached by the employees and employers in this field.

"It is a basic industry and whatever is done affects all the rest of industry, and I can say only this: that we must look to them for some good sense and some wisdom in, I mean real business-labor statesmanship or in the long run the United States cannot stand still and do nothing."

The President then went on to "explain" that this year's first-quarter profits for U.S. Steel were well below last year's. He seemed to accept U.S. Steel's statement of first-quarter earnings, despite what the Washington *Post and Times Herald* reported as the widespread judgment in investment circles "that the big steel company has understated its earnings substantially in preparation for current wage negotiations."

Earlier, in April, the administration had hurriedly published figures showing that in recent years steel wage increases had sharply outpaced productivity—only to have the Bureau of Labor Statistics retract the productivity estimate as in error a few days later.

Of course the President is right that "the whole public" is affected by collective bargaining in the steel industry. But what the public needs is some institutional arrangement whereby it can get the full facts on wages, prices, productivity, and profits for steel and related industries. Without the full facts—or worse, with half facts about profits and productivity—the public is like the cub war correspondent whose first cable home read "Great battle in progress. Utter confusion. Can learn nothing."

A Boy for a Man's Job

In terms of the goals of the Employment Act of 1946—"maximum employment, production and purchasing power"—what can be said of our economic record in recent years? An unemployment total much beyond three per cent of the work force is generally agreed to be intolerable; but the figure for more than a year has never gone much below six per cent.

Our gross national product, if we are to improve our standard of living here at home and accept our responsibilities abroad, must increase at the rate of four or five per cent per year. But our actual annual growth rate since 1953 is only two and a half per cent, contrasted with Soviet Russia's eight to ten per cent and western Europe's five per cent. As for our record in maintaining the purchasing power of the dollar, both the wholesale price index and the consumer price index have risen more than eight per cent since 1953, despite the recessions of 1954 and 1957-1958.

The administration's basic economic policy has been the classic one of tight money. With the exception of the recession months of 1957-1958, the Federal Reserve System has been choking off demand by restricting the money supply (currency and demand deposits). From 1953 to the end of the first quarter of 1959 the money supply has grown by only five and a half per cent, while gross national product has grown by twenty-seven per cent. Asking a money supply adequate for 1953's $365-billion gross national product to do the job for today's $465-billion G.N.P. is sending a boy to do a man's job.

But—most annoying of all—the policy of checking demand and production in order to stop inflation has not worked. Particularly in those concentrated industries like steel and automobiles, where a few producers control the market, prices and wages have continued to advance even in the face of insufficient over-all demand. Thus the steel industry announced a $4.50-a-ton price increase last August when it was operating at only sixty per cent of capacity.

These "administered price" increases—set by the not very competitive leaders in the giant industries—have been the real pace setters. According to the Kefauver subcommittee, eighty-five per cent of the eight per cent increase in the wholesale price index from 1953 to October, 1958, was caused by steel and steel-using industries, such as automobiles and machinery. Without steel's contribution, the rise in the wholesale price index would have been less than one per cent rather than eight per cent.

The phenomenon of "administered prices" has been stressed in recent years by economists like John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, Dr. Gerhard Colm of the National Planning Association, and Gardiner Means, whose thriving zoyzia-grass business refutes the conventional notion that an economist is a fel-

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low who has never met a payroll.

Meanwhile the administration, wedded to the idea that monetary and fiscal policy is the proper and sole remedy for inflation of any type, ignored the problem of "administered prices" as long as it could. The President's Economic Report last January, for example, failed to mention it. But recently such administration figures as Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Raymond Saulnier, Federal Reserve Board economic adviser Woodlief Thomas, and the FRB's research director, Ralph Young, have all recognized that such prices do exist, and that general monetary and fiscal controls cannot affect them much.

The Giants Agree

The administration's restrictive monetary policy would be the appropriate cure for a demand inflation—the situation where too much money chases too few goods. But it cannot come to grips with an "administered price" inflation. And vague Presidential exhortations, unfortified by facts, that labor and management should forgo "unstatesmanlike" wage and price increases have had no visible effect. If abstract pleas to "be reasonable" won't work, what will?

A bill co-sponsored by Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania and myself would update the Employment Act of 1946 to try to meet the central problem of 1959: how to avoid inflation, whether "demand" or "administered," and still have maximum employment and production. The bill would make sustained economic growth an explicit object of national policy, and would direct the President to fix quantitative goals for the nation's employment, production, and purchasing power. It would also make "reasonable price stability"—the opposite of inflation—an explicit goal, and direct the President "to bring to bear an informed public opinion upon wage and price increases which in his judgment appear to threaten national economic stability." This the President would do by holding hearings on price increases, and associated wage increases, in the concentrated, pace-setting industries, and making the facts available to the public.

A powerful array of forces has lined up against the proposal. The administration is against it because "it would tend to substitute government inquiry into the reasons for, and the justifiability of, any price increase for our traditional ideals of prices set in response to free-market forces." The National Association of Manufacturers felt the bill would "generally retard technological improvements and the forward progress of our economy." The United States Chamber of Commerce opposed it as signaling "the end of consumer sovereignty and freedom." To U.S. Steel Chairman Roger M. Blough, it would lead to "gradual destruction of the greatest industrial machine the world has ever known." The AFL-CIO opposed the bill as serving "no useful purpose." And David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, called it "a radical departure from the national policy of free collective bargaining," adding that Senator Kefauver, who has been conducting hearings on steel prices and wages, "should keep his nose out of my business."

THE House Government Operations subcommittee, which early this month reported our bill favorably, evidently felt that the contentions of Big Labor and Big Business tended to cancel each other, and put more stock in the testimony of economists like Gerhard Colm, who said:

"Let me first say that the threat of an imminent runaway inflation is not why I favor this proposal. As a matter of fact, I believe that some of the fears which have been expressed by people inside and outside the government are grossly exaggerated. In the long-term perspective the recent price increases in the United States have been relatively mild, if we exclude the periods of war and the aftermath of war. I am concerned, however, with the persistency of small price rises, particularly in periods of slack demand. If the government officially adopts a policy of looking in the other direction whenever prices rise, business, labor, consumers, and investors may anticipate a continuing price rise with the consequence that a small price rise would soon become an inflation spiral.

"Some may say that since the situation is not yet alarming, we might as well wait until the problem becomes really urgent. My answer is that at this point we may be able to achieve reasonable price stability with mild measures and avoid the necessity of price and wage controls. If the public gets the impression that the government is not really serious about keeping prices in line, then the speculative anticipation of further price rises may magnify the problem; in the end this might lead to the necessity of price and wage controls. Thus, it may well be that a proposal such as the one before this committee may be regarded as a measure avoiding rather than leading to price and wage controls."

It Could Be a Beginning

So the issue is joined. The administration sees a serious demand inflation, to be met by an ever more restrictive tight-money policy.

Some members of Congress disagree. Noting that the consumer price index has been stable for a year, they ask that excessive monetary restraint cease until the economy is moving forward at an adequate growth rate, and until unemployment is substantially eased. It is this skepticism about the old-fashioned economic theories of the administration that has given impetus to the Kefauver-O'Mahoney hearings and the proposed amendment to the Employment Act already mentioned.

It could be that the goals of adequate growth and of price stability are entirely consistent. But one thing is sure. A new approach to the problem of stability and growth is painfully emerging from the discussions, arguments, and self-questioning now going on in Congress, the academic community, among commentators on public affairs, and even among business and union leaders. We still know far less than we should about the proper management of our economy; and in some fields we don't even know *what* we know. Nevertheless, this new state of mind may already have had its effect on the Big Steel negotiations now taking place by putting a damper on opinionated aggressiveness. If a price increase is avoided, it may mark the beginning of a new and sounder national economic policy.

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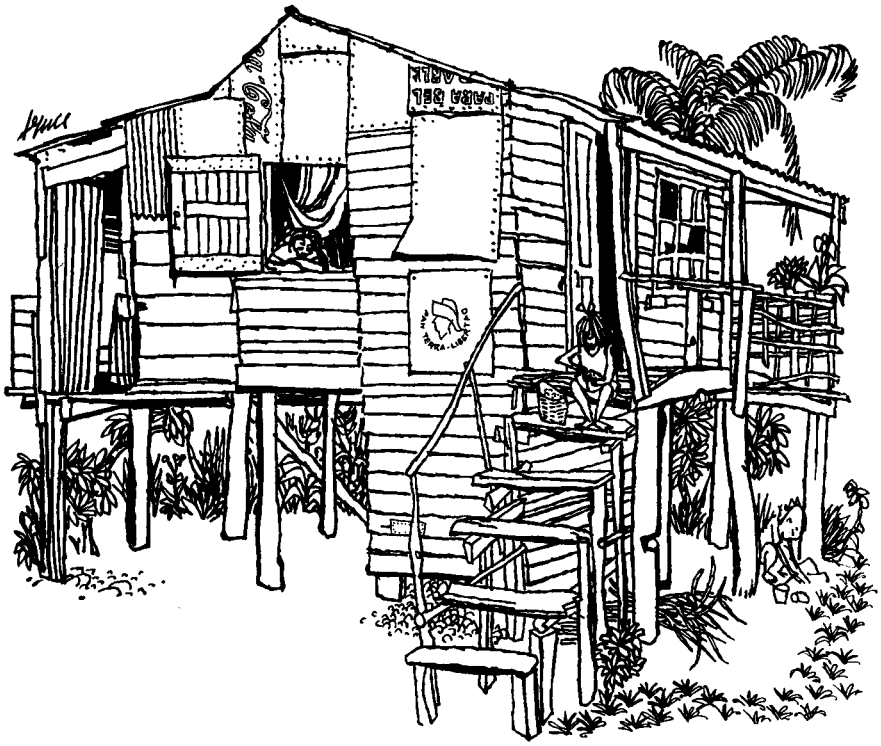

Latin America: The Hidden Revolution

A. A. BERLE, JR.

LATIN AMERICA is entering a new and possibly crucial phase. At stake is a continent. The issue is whether the southern section of our hemisphere stays with the democratic West. For the first time since the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed in 1823, the Americas could break in two. This statement is not a rhetorical one. The possibility is, I think, greater than in 1939, when Hitler and his then ally Franco tried to achieve this same end. Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba, and the swift, and thus far partially successful, attempts of a small but well-organized Communist minority to seize the reins of power in Cuba are the immediate events that have forced the attention of a lethargic United States. They are merely the visible phenomena of a deeper crisis.

From 1952 to January 1, 1959, Latin America (or more accurately Spanish America, because Portuguese Brazil ended its dictatorship in 1945 and in any case goes by its own rhythm) was the scene of a vast democratic revolution, comparable in dimension to the Russian Revolution of 1917 and the Chinese Revolution that culminated in 1950. Because so many countries were involved, it did not have the great impact on world opinion that occurs when a single empire changes control. Further, since the revolution was liberal and friendly to the United States—and since we are overwhelmingly ignorant of our closest neighbors—little note was taken. So the story has to be summarized here.

It began in tiny Costa Rica, just north of Panama, the best-governed and most staunchly democratic of the Central American republics. There, in 1948, Costa Ricans held their usual constitutional election, choosing as president Otilio Ulate. But outgoing President Rafael Calderón Guardia, already allied to a small Communist minority, sought and secured support from his neighboring Nicaraguan dictator, Anastasio Somoza (father of the present dictator), and in this he was promptly supported by the Communists. At this point enters a major figure in the current struggle—cultivated and capable José (Pepe) Figueres, an accomplished economist and engineer (he had studied at M.I.T.). With a small group of Costa Ricans, he took the field against Calderón Guardia's combination of Communists and Nicaraguan mercenaries. After a campaign of six weeks, he defeated them in a pitched battle behind the city of Cartago, reorganized the government, and restored Ulate to the presidency. When Ulate's term expired in 1953, Figueres ran for president, and was overwhelmingly elected. He undertook the political and social regeneration of Costa Rica. As it turned out, his achievements went far beyond Costa Rica.

At that time most of Latin America was dominated by dictatorships, either of the demagogic or of the military type. Perón ruled Argentina; Rojas Pinilla had taken over Colombia; Pérez Jiménez ruled Venezuela; General Odría governed Peru. The dictatorships of Somoza and Trujillo in Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic were solid, and Fulgencio Batista was holding Cuba. The staunch but militarily impotent liberal governments, led by Costa Rica and Uruguay, seemed in a hopeless position. The dictators, particularly Rojas Pinilla, Pérez Jiménez, and Trujillo, ceaselessly attacked them and their leaders by assassination threats, forged slanders, and intrigues in Washington. Most of the honorable and able leaders in the countries ruled by dictators escaped imprisonment or death only by taking refuge elsewhere. Many found asylum in Costa Rica, while their governments, not always unsuccessfully, tried to have Washington bring pressure on Figueres to throw them out of Costa Rica and out of the hemisphere.

A Contagion of Freedom

In 1952 the big change began. In Bolivia a revolution directed by its present president, Hernán Siles

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Zuazo, one of the great spirits in Spanish America, finally overthrew an ancient, ineffective oligarchy and a social order that had hardly changed since the Spanish conquest. A social revolution followed that is still under way. It is one of the bright spots in American diplomacy that the United States, in this case, speedily moved to support the right side. Argentina in 1955, by the combined efforts of liberals and the military, succeeded in throwing out Perón. A transition government honorably carried on by General Pedro Aramburú held a straightforward free election in 1958, bringing to power the present president, Arturo Frondizi. In 1956, Honduras threw out its dictatorship, and recalled its liberal leader, Ramón Villeda Morales, who had been in exile and under heavy threat in the Costa Rican capital of San José, where Figueres had befriended him. He was elected president of Honduras in 1957.

General Odría, the dictator of Peru, with a wisdom not emulated by many of his contemporaries, voluntarily terminated his dictatorship in 1956. The incoming régime recognized and made peace with the popular Aprista Party, which largely represented the Indian and proletarian workers of Peru. It subsequently elected Manuel Prado as president; his government is a coalition between conservatives and Apristas, and has a clear popular mandate.

On May 10, 1957, under the battering of a liberal opposition, General Rojas Pinilla fled Colombia after successfully emptying the treasury. An outstandingly capable man, Alberto Lleras Camargo (he had been ambassador in Washington and is one of the wisest of South American statesmen), was chosen president a year later. In January, 1958, the Venezuelan dictator, Pérez Jiménez, fled the country in the face of a nation-wide revolutionary upsurge that engaged the support of students, of the Catholic Church, indeed of practically everyone save a small group of Jiménez hangers-on. Rómulo Betancourt, leader of the largest democratic party, was elected president nine months later. He also had been in exile in Costa Rica, had been chivvied out at the behest of Washington, and had been granted asylum in Puerto Rico, where he was kindly received by his old friend, Governor Luis Múñoz Marín. A few months later, the smoldering revolution of Fidel Castro reached Havana, slightly ahead of three or four other movements designed to upset the corrupt dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista. On January 1, 1959, Batista fled. A provisional government of excellent men headed by Manuel Urrutia took office, but it has not yet established its power to govern. The real power lies with Fidel Castro, and with a group around him—and in the streets.

So in the space of about seven years, most of Spanish America, from Cape Horn to the Florida Strait, changed hands. Of interest is the fact that in their hour of exile and peril many of the men now governing found asylum and comfort through the courage of José Figueres, and the wisdom and broad-mindedness of Governor Múñoz Marín of Puerto Rico.

Shadow of the Past

So far, so much and so good. The old style caudillo-general or his counterpart, the demagogue, and their dictatorships had been proved not only hateful but obsolete. The

three remaining—Somoza II in Nicaragua, Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, and Stroessner in Paraguay—are on the defensive. In Nicaragua, the only question is whether the transition can be secured peacefully, as in Peru, or must involve bloody drama, as was the case in Cuba.

A few weeks ago, the second phase of this huge struggle began. It revolves, quite simply, around the Communist issue.

In the previous phase, Communism had not been a major issue since Pepe Figueres outmaneuvered and outfought it in 1948. True, the dictators, notably Trujillo and Jiménez, had sedulously spread the impression that everyone opposed to their dictatorships and their corruption was Communist—a not unskillful use of the technique of the late Senator McCarthy. Some of them had resources McCarthy did not have, notably some expert counterfeit-and-forgery shops where documents could be fabricated "proving" their point—until a laboratory as good, say, as the FBI laboratory in Washington got to work on them. There were apparently quarters in this country where such balderdash was taken seriously.

Following Castro's seizure of Cuba, he or his government invited Figueres, no longer president of Costa Rica, to visit Havana. Figueres went. He had every right to expect friendship. He had helped Castro when Castro had few friends, as he had helped other Cuban exiles. He was worried, for Castro had made a trip uninvited to Venezuela, and had there seen fit to attack Puerto Rico as a "colony" of American imperialism. By implication, he had attacked Governor Luis Múñoz Marín, one of Figueres' closest friends. Figueres had been invited to speak at a mass meeting in Havana, but was asked not to discuss Puerto Rico. So, before a vast throng, after congratulating Cubans on becoming free and saluting their revolution, he pointed out that Latin America was part of the western world and must stand with the West; that having overthrown one dictatorship, the Cuban revolution and its brother revolutions must not permit dictatorship to rise again either through demagogy (as in the case of Perón) or through Communist seizure such as had been attempted against him in Costa Rica in 1948.

"That speech would have been considered neutralist in Chicago," Figueres commented wryly after the event. But Fidel Castro rose, and in a long tirade—repeated the following evening over television—attacked the United States, attacked the West, attacked Figueres, attacked Betan-

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court, attacked the democratic leaders in Latin America. They were "agents of American imperialism." Latin America could not stay with the West, and certainly not with the imperialist United States, in any conflict. And so forth. It followed the Communist line from beginning to end—and everyone knew it. The speech, like Figueres', echoed from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande. Its effect was to crystallize Latin-American partisanship with breath-taking speed.

IT WAS HIGHLY reminiscent of Europe in 1945. All the movements resisting Hitler in each country were then considered as one. But, at a given moment when Stalin so decreed, every resistance movement split. One wing was pro-Communist, blackguarding the United States, Great Britain, and others, following the Moscow line. The other stood with the western allies and for democratic government. Exactly this happened in mid-April of 1959 throughout Latin America. Small but well-organized bands of propagandists entrenched in various quarters unmasked their batteries. Their targets were José Figueres, the recognized continental leader of democratic thinking, and President Rómulo Betancourt in Venezuela, perhaps the ablest politician in South America. Their broader attack was on the entire liberal-democratic movement.

This time they made no bones about it. True, the State Department had treated Figueres and Betancourt with notorious shabbiness, had decorated and flattered their enemies, and had been anything but enthusiastic when they moved into leadership. To accuse them of being "agents of Yankee imperialism" was the most ironic of big lies. But it seemed the hour had struck for the Communist seizure of power; and the battle is joined.

Castro and the Communists

To the United States, the contest is most noticeable in Cuba. Fidel Castro has just visited us, making sweet noises and, incidentally, saying the exact opposite in New York and Washington of what he previously said in Cuba and Venezuela. The reasons may not be far to seek.

Fidel Castro says he is not, and I think he is not, a Communist. He is merely a guerrilla leader who commands the admiration in Latin America properly due to an individual of great courage who fought a winning battle against huge odds. Cuban Communists had consistently supported the Batista dictatorship; only in the last few months of Castro's campaign did they change sides. One Cuban Communist central committeeman then moved into Castro's camp in the Sierra Maestra. He has since spent much of his time with Castro.

The Costa Rican Communist leader, Manuel Mora, who is considered an extremely able propagandist, likewise moved into the picture. It is clear that a number of other Communists are assuming positions in various parts of Castro's amorphous régime. Courts-martial, set up to execute perpetrators of atrocities under the Batista government, soon became mere "people's courts," murdering inconvenient editors or political figures. Castro has recently announced that the death penalty will no longer be applied except in cases of outright counter-revolutionary activity: it will be interesting to see how far this phrase stretches.

The idea that Cuba ought to elect a president with a popular mandate is repudiated by Castro and his clique: some sort of "social revolution" must first be carried out. It is not specified what this will be, or what it will do, or where it will go. A chief and constant theme is "anti-Americanism."

The same tune is sung everywhere by pro-Communist groups in Latin America. The United States is chief target; the liberal democracies presently trying to bring a better economic order to their countries are the secondary targets. The unanimity convincingly suggests that orders were given from the Communist high command in Moscow, presumably through a command post in western Europe. It also suggests that the situation is being used to assist the Soviet Union diplomatically in its current Berlin-Middle Eastern push.

The Underlying Realities

Let us sort out, from the political noise, the underlying realities with which we have to deal. It has been clear to anyone with eyes to see that the dying Latin-American dictatorships would not be able to hold on. They were also the worst possible long-range allies of the United States. Help or cordiality extended in their direction merely meant convincing the oppressed peoples of their countries that the United States was their enemy. Happily, the liberal democratic leaders who now control most of South America are men with education and with experience of the United States. They are quite aware of the difference between the reality of the

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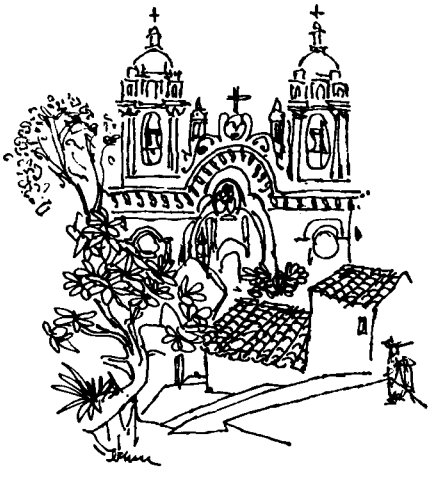
United States and the ineptitudes of its politics often reflected in the government of the United States. Most of them have been in close contact with American liberal thinking.

On the other hand, they know that their own countries must go through a social as well as a political reorganization. They are not clear whether the United States understands that fact. The outstanding necessity is to put an end to the division between age-old oligarchic, irresponsible power cliques and a proletariat living out its life in hunger and disease, without hope of improvement. Figueres' first act in Costa Rica was to nationalize the banks, and he was right; no other way would have made credit available to all of Costa Rica.

The Bolivian revolution, like the Mexican revolution against Porfirio Díaz in 1911, marked the end of Spanish feudalism. Social change on a sweeping scale is inevitable in all Latin-American countries, except in democracies like Uruguay or Costa Rica where continuous evolution has been possible. For practical purposes this means, first, assurance that land is reasonably distributed or available. Second, that credit is available to everyone on reasonable terms and not monopolized by private usurers and moneylenders. In short, a popular banking system. Third, that the governments together, and almost necessarily with the United States, work out a system of economic planning so that prices of the principal products will be more or less stabilized, the flow of necessary imports will continue, and the industrialization of these countries will go forward rapidly. Fourth, and perhaps most important, that there will be a vast and solid expansion of popular education.

IT ALSO MEANS that the United States will have to assist a continuously expanding Latin-American economic system. So far as the United States is concerned, it must stand not *merely* for "private enterprise" (who in the world wants to die for that?) but should spearhead a battle for personal, political, and economic freedom, by any method, socialist or private, that seems best adapted to meet local conditions.

In fairness to the United States, which has not been getting much of a break in Latin America, it should be said that Washington has made major moves in this direction. The Eisenhower administration, perhaps without realizing it, sharply changed course in the right direction nearly a year ago when it faced up to the fact that the Latin-American economic problem had to be met. It did follow the Brazilian initiative toward continental planning which goes by the name of "Operation Pan-Americana." Governor Meyner of New Jersey, speaking in Rio de Janeiro and representing the Democratic opposition in the United States, gave powerful support to this view. Washington did give limited approval of the idea of continuous planning, and has taken an active part in the Committee of Twenty-One, established by the Organization of American States, whose report is expected shortly. United States Treasury experts supported and have assisted in drawing up a project for an inter-American bank, a measure long overdue. During the Roosevelt administration such a treaty was drawn but it was blocked in



the Senate by one of the New York banks through its private influence with the late Senator Carter Glass. Now the project has been restudied and should come before the Senate before too long.

Limited support has also been given to price-stabilization schemes that should remove at least some of the hazards from Latin-American trade. Co-ordination of public and private investment from the United States in these countries also can and should be attempted. Actually, sustained assistance for ten years, costing $12 billion—half the size of the Marshall Plan—could reorganize the Latin American in a decade.

What We Can Do at Once

Most urgently the United States should dramatically reverse its position in respect of the new governments. It should, rather dramatically, indicate its solid support of the liberal democrats who are now running most of Latin America. Especially it should make a clear demonstration of good will toward President Rómulo Betancourt, presently under Communist fire in Venezuela. It can and should give solid evidence of cordiality to Lleras Camargo in Colombia, Frondizi in Argentina, and Villeda Morales in Honduras (he also needs immediate and direct help: his is a poor country). The United States should establish the principle that it can and will make long-range plans with governments that have held free, honest, and open elections, and must deal with others only on a *de facto,* day-to-day basis. Incidentally, this means insisting that Cuba hold an honest election, without the terror that stalks there now, before Washington commits itself to long-range plans of economic aid.

LATIN AMERICA will be setting its direction in the next couple of years —with Washington if it can, without Washington if it must. If it is to be with Washington, we must contribute not only capital but also long-range planning and technical advice, so that the economic development of the southern part of our hemisphere may contribute to the economic and political growth of the free world as a whole. If we let Latin America drift away, it will be to the detriment of the peoples of the hemisphere as a whole. The Marshall Plan proved that, with the co-operation of the nations we assist, we can do a lasting job of rehabilitation and improvement abroad. In Latin America, we are facing conditions that cannot be easily compared with those of western Europe. But in Latin America too, we can do the job—and now is the time to do it.

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Khrushchev Plays For Time

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

In the months that have elapsed since Khrushchev raised the demand for a change in the status of West Berlin, his diplomacy has displayed much initiative and a great deal of confusion. Initiative has brought rewards. It has sent Prime Minister Macmillan on an unprecedented diplomatic errand to Moscow; it has caused reluctant western governments to accept the prospect of a summit meeting or even of a series of such meetings; and it has helped to reveal, if not produce, discord in the western camp.

But the signs of Soviet confusion have been no less evident. At the starting point of the Berlin crisis last November, Khrushchev denied the western powers any right to stay on in Berlin; and he appeared to confront them with the demand for an early withdrawal and with an ultimatum. He has since reacknowledged explicitly and solemnly the right of the western powers to maintain their positions in Berlin. As the foreign ministers assembled in Geneva, the Soviet purpose thus appeared to be more modest than it was last autumn. Moscow claimed that it wished merely to change the legal and diplomatic basis for the western presence in Berlin: the western powers should remain on the basis of new rights that ought to be defined through negotiations, not by the right of conquest dating back to 1945.

This, then, was the main item in Gromyko's Geneva brief. He was not to parley about larger issues such as the unification of Germany or disengagement. Instead, he was to propose that the former allies conclude a peace treaty with the two German governments. As the western powers were not prepared to agree to this, the redefinition of the legal basis for their continued presence in Berlin remained the only real object of negotiations. Even some of Khrushchev's closest associates may be wondering now whether it was worth while raising so much dust over this question.

Underlying this confusion there is also a very much deeper conflict between Soviet political strategy and Soviet tactics vis-à-vis Germany. Strategically, Moscow is playing from strength; tactically, it is playing from weakness. Its policymakers are convinced that in the long run the rapid industrial and technological ascendancy of the Soviet Union is bound to have its effect on Germany and eventually will draw the whole of Germany into the Soviet orbit. In the short run, however, Germany remains the most important European bulwark of the West, and even East Germany is potentially, because of the mood of its people, a stronghold of anti-Communism. Despite all its strength, Soviet policy has been helpless against this fact.

New Balance—Old Stalemate

The contrast between Soviet strategic strength and tactical weakness has had its source in the legacy of the Stalin era in Germany. Even if Khrushchev will not say it openly, he knows full well that it was Stalin's Potsdam policy, with its emphasis on reparations, territorial annexation, and nationalist Russian revenge on the defeated Reich, that produced the present long-lasting slump of Communism in Germany, weakened the economy and lowered the standard of living of East Germany, and utterly discredited the Ulbricht régime. As long as the consequences and the memory of this Stalinist legacy have not been effaced, Soviet policy vis-à-vis Germany is bound to be torn between a sense of power and a sense of weakness.

The latest Soviet initiative over Berlin illustrates this state of affairs. What has prompted Khrushchev and his policymakers to press for a revision of the status of Berlin is precisely their confident awareness of the great shift in Russia's favor that has recently taken place in the international balance of power. They see the division of Berlin as the remnant of a now closed era, an era during which the outlook in Germany was determined on the one hand by the predominance of the Russian land power in Europe and on the other by the American monopoly of atomic power. With the lapse of that monopoly, and with Russia's present lead in the development in missiles, Soviet policy is tempted to do away with the "anachronism" of Berlin, especially because the position of the western powers in Berlin is particularly vulnerable to Soviet pressure.

Last November, however, Khrushchev set out to probe the exposed western outpost. He soon found out, for the *n*th time, that in Berlin the Soviet position is no less vulnerable. To both sides, East and West, Berlin is the chink in their armor. But while the weakness of the western powers is military, Russia's weakness is mainly political; it lies in the stubborn opposition of the local population to any change that might enhance the Russian influence on the spot. Since East and West at present conduct their contest by political rather than by military means, Khrushchev has had to acknowledge the precariousness of his position and to climb down.

Russia's mixture of strength and weakness also determines Khrushchev's attitude toward disengagement. On strictly strategic grounds, he could well afford to withdraw Soviet troops from East Germany—nothing, indeed, should suit him better. He might even afford to carry out a unilateral withdrawal, for he knows that whether Soviet troops stand on the Elbe, on the Polish border, or on the Soviet frontier, the NATO powers cannot, under the present balance of military strength, risk moving across the Elbe; and under certain circumstances a unilateral Soviet withdrawal might compel them, also, to withdraw. Yet Khrushchev is in fact almost as much afraid of disengagement as are most NATO leaders. While the latter fear that disengage-

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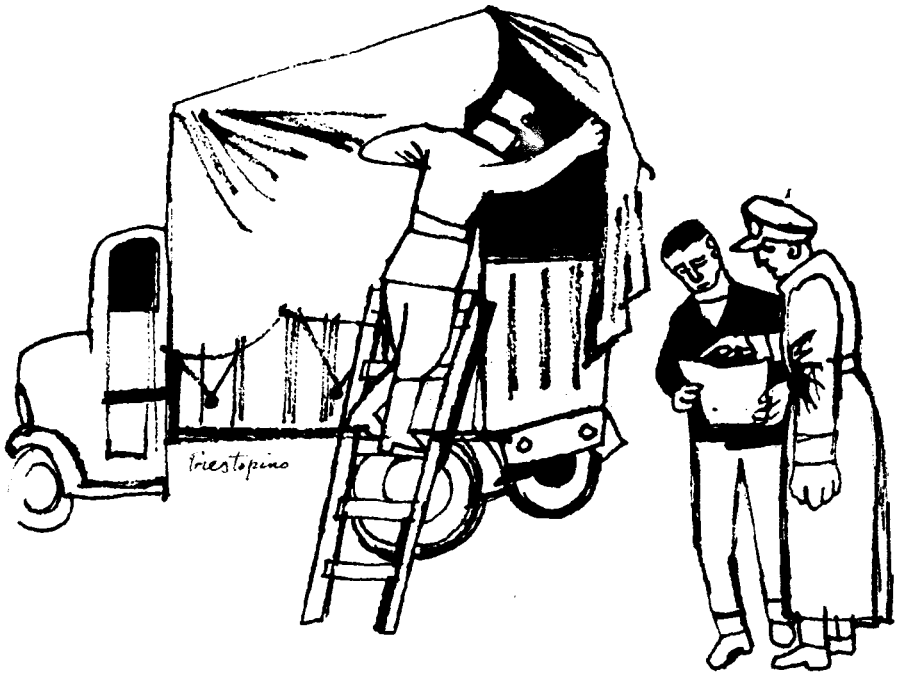
ment might lead to the disintegration of NATO, Khrushchev is afraid that it might be followed by an anti-Communist upheaval, of which the East Berlin rising of 1953 and the Budapest rising of 1956 gave him a foretaste. He must keep Soviet military power, or at least must preserve his freedom to use that power, in East Germany and eastern Europe in order to protect not Russia's security directly, but the security of the governments of Ulbricht, Kadar, and Gomulka.



The Plan for East Germany

As Moscow sees it, the great question on which the prospects of its diplomacy hang is how and how soon the legacy of the Stalin era can be lived down in eastern Europe, especially in East Germany.

It would be a mistake to overlook or belittle the efforts the Soviet government is making to clear the liabilities of that legacy. Soviet economic policy toward East Germany is no longer governed by the Stalinist spirit of ruthless Russian egoism —not for nothing has the doctrine of "socialism in one country" been replaced by that of "international division of labor within the socialist camp." East Germany is already benefiting from the change. It is no longer treated, as it was in Stalin's days, as both a defeated enemy and an exploitable satellite. It derives definite advantages from economic exchanges with the Soviet Union. Its trade with the countries of the Soviet bloc has grown considerably; its engineering industries play an important part in the industrialization of China and other underdeveloped Communist-ruled countries. The standard of living of the East German people has been rising steadily, even though it is still well below that of the West Germans.

All this has probably been enough to soften the acute popular discontent that exploded in Berlin in 1953, but not enough to create contentment. Moscow expects, however, that East Germany will continue to make progress, and will secure full employment and prosperity for its people, while conditions in the Federal Republic may become stagnant or even deteriorate into a slump and mass unemployment. As Khrushchev puts it: in the 1950's the German people were impressed by the "economic miracle" of West German capitalism; in the 1960's they will see the "economic miracle" of East German socialism, which will radically alter the political climate in the whole of Germany. But even by Khrushchev's most optimistic calculations, it must be quite a few years before this happens.

Khrushchev and his advisers are aware that the problem is not merely economic. Since his visits to East Germany, the Soviet leader has had few illusions about the Ulbricht régime. Some of his advisers are well aware of the distrust and hatred by which it is surrounded. But on this point Khrushchev is extremely cautious and shuns "risky experiments." He has met any hint about the desirability of a change in the East German Communist leadership with the argument that the experience with Hungarian Communist boss Mátyás Rákosi was enough for him and that he was not going to "turn Ulbricht into another Rákosi"—i.e., make him into a scapegoat for all that has happened in East Germany and thereby to encourage the anti-Communist opposition there. He tries, on the contrary, to build up Ulbricht's prestige, believing that the opportunity for a relaxation of the East German régime will come later when, helped by economic progress, East German Communism has recovered from its moral slump. It is also assumed in Moscow that new political trends at work in Bonn may favor East Germany. At least some Soviet political observers interpret Adenauer's assumption of the presidency of the Federal Republic as a move toward a new authoritarianism, modeled on General de Gaulle's presidential government; and they believe that this will deprive the Federal Republic of the moral-political advantages and the popular appeal that, as a parliamentary democracy, it has hitherto enjoyed.

ALL THESE CHANGES, economic and political, which are expected to strengthen Russia's hands in Germany, must take time, a lot of time. Therefore Soviet diplomacy is at present determined to postpone any general German settlement. This was the meaning of the appeal Khrushchev made to the Germans from Leipzig earlier this year, begging them to bear up patiently with the continued division of Germany. The time when the Soviet Union will be ready to press for a general German settlement will, in his view, be around 1965. It may be even later, between 1965 and 1970, after the completion of the present Seven-Year Plan, when the Soviet Union will have new trump cards in its foreign policy.

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Mandarins in Overalls

An Indian Visitor's Report on Education in China

S. CHANDRASEKHAR

DURING my recent tour of China, I visited the new Shanghai Academy of Social Sciences—formerly the American-supported St. John's University. I was particularly interested in seeing the academy, since it was the only institution (apart from the Institute of Economic Research in Peking, which I had the pleasure of addressing) devoted to study and research in the social sciences—an area that receives scant attention in China today.

I was received by two vice-directors of the academy, formerly professors at the university, who continued to teach in addition to their administrative duties. One was a graduate of London University and had attended the London School of Economics from 1935 to 1937. The other received his doctorate in political science from the University of Vienna in 1935. Both apologized for having forgotten English and German respectively, and our conversation was carried on through my inseparable companion and official interpreter, who was assigned to me the day I arrived in Peking.

This insistence on carrying on conversations with foreign visitors in Chinese even when the hosts know the language of the visitors is an interesting feature of the new nationalistic China. An additional waste of time was involved as the interpreter took down everything that was said in his little book. Occasionally one of the professors would correct the interpreter and supply a more appropriate English equivalent.

AS WE WENT through the various buildings, I noticed that they were more or less deserted.

"Is today a school day?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"How many students are enrolled here?"

"Forty-six hundred in all."

"Are they all on the campus?"

"Technically yes, because they are enrolled here, but about two thousand are working in the factories in Shanghai."

"Is it part-time work?"

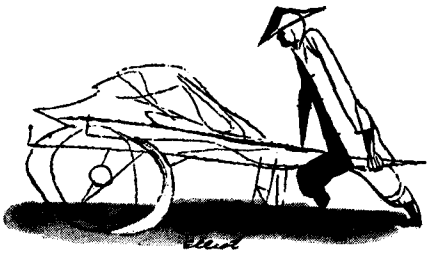
"No. They put in eight hours in the factories. But they take a course once a week."

"What about the other twenty-six hundred students?"

"Another two thousand are working on the farms on the outskirts of Shanghai."

"Do they come for the weekly course?"

"No. They will come back to the campus in a year or two when the



temporary food problem has been solved."

"This means you have six hundred regular students actually here?"

"Not quite," replied the vice-director, "because some two hundred are on steel duty. That is, the campus has set up a cottage-style steel furnace and they are making steel."

(Later we visited this steel plant. It was just a furnace melting scrap metal collected by the students.)

"The rest are regular students, I suppose?"

"No, another two hundred are training in the student militia, and they are assigned to the Fukien Front." Here the vice-director gave me a little lecture on American "imperialism" and the necessary chores of shelling Quemoy and Matsu in the imperative task of "regaining" Formosa.

Finally we entered a building where some student activity was discernible. This was the economics seminar room, where a discussion was in progress among a score of students. There was no professor present, but the student leader invited us to join them. I was told that these were advanced students.

"Do they write an examination or submit a thesis?" I asked.

"They do both, but these students are working on a thesis," I was told.

I asked one student what the subject of his thesis was.

"We don't have different subjects. All of us are working on a single thesis," was his answer.

The vice-director intervened and informed me that it was a kind of co-operative effort.

"What is the subject of this collective thesis?"

"The communes."

"Is there any objective evaluation of this collective thesis?"

"Oh, yes. The whole class criticizes the thesis and points out the deviations."

"But you said the whole class writes the thesis."

"That's right."

There was nothing to do but change the subject.

Matter over Mind

Like all those who practice thought control, the Chinese Communists believe in catching them young. During my travels, wherever I visited a day nursery or a kindergarten—and these are numerous, attached to factories and farms, communes and mills—I was invariably greeted by the joyous clapping of little hands that was always a prelude to the enthusiastic singing of such familiar choruses as "Socialism Is Good," "The Communes Are Good," or "Chairman Mao Is Our Benefactor."

Chairman Mao has in fact set himself the task of molding the reading, thinking, and behavior of 650 million people, from very young children to old people, through a new education system. The colleges and universities have abolished their liberal-arts courses, or at any rate discontinued them. That is, the traditional courses offered in most universities of the world in such subjects as economics, politics, history, sociology, statistics, and anthropology are not available in China, and the members of these faculties and their students have been assigned various tasks on the nation's farms

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and factories. I was told that production of food and goods is more important than turning out graduates in these "useless" subjects.

Interestingly enough, the only liberal-arts course that was being taught in many universities was one in linguistics and phonetics. With a predominantly illiterate population speaking numerous dialects, the question of communication between the north and the south and between the majority and minority nationalities has assumed considerable national importance. The Peking dialect has been made the nation's official language, and attempts to reform the script have been undertaken. In fact, a beginning has been made in introducing the Roman script. I saw some secondary schools teaching the English alphabet.

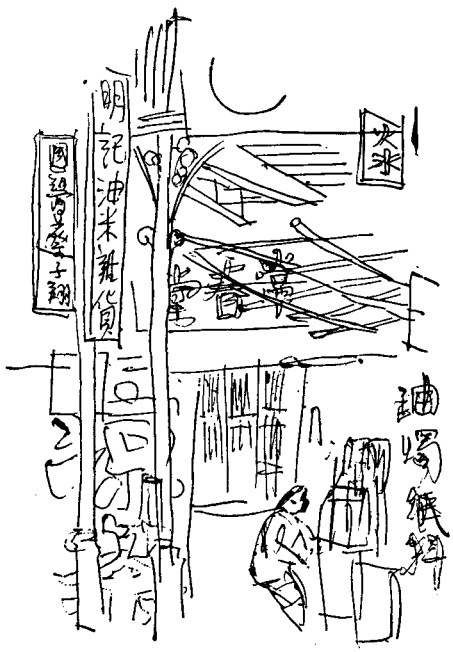
IN THE PLACE of the conventional liberal-arts universities, a new kind of college and university (these terms are often interchangeable in China) has emerged. These are called Red and Expert Colleges. They are also sometimes called the People's Universities. No minimum formal education is required for enrollment; one need not have attended any school at all. At these institutions I met old as well as young farmers and industrial workers drawn primarily from the rural areas.

Their instruction is at two unrelated levels. They are taught Communism—its genesis, growth, and development—and Marxist economics. And they are taught all that is necessary and possible in their particular narrow fields of specialization—mostly semi-skilled jobs: plowing or pottery, tinkering or welding. The student becomes a fanatical Communist and an expert mechanic —a Red and an Expert.

Another type of institution is the technological university. This can be anything from a polytechnic and engineering college to a steel institute and national physical laboratory. Before "liberation," technological universities were few, but during the last ten years, thanks to the "selfless help" of the Soviet Union, they have mushroomed all over the country. Some of the former traditional colleges have been converted into large engineering and technological universities. In addition, specialized technical colleges in fields like textiles, steel, precision instruments, and water conservation have been opened at places where such instruction is needed most urgently.

These colleges, which offer courses all the way from intermediate physics to mathematics at the graduate level, have both Chinese and Russian or East German professors. The equipment in the laboratories appears adequate. The students seem to work very hard and lead Spartan lives. But these students are the privileged ones—the new class of Marxist-technocrats who will industrialize and modernize the new China.

I asked the dean of the Tsing-hua University in Pekin, himself an engineer of some distinction, how one obtained admission to a technological university. "We have three important criteria and we follow them strictly," he told me. "The first is that the prospective student must be oriented in socialist thinking; that is, he must be familiar with the Marxist approach to all our problems. Secondly, the student must be in excellent health. These courses are strenuous and we don't want students dropping out of the college for health reasons. Third and last, the student must have the brains to cope with his studies."



"I can understand the second and third criteria, but how do you judge a candidate regarding the first?" I asked.

"We have our ways. We keep tabs on the students right from their high school days. We know who is enthusiastic about socialism and the present régime and who has merely accepted the present order as inevitable. The convinced and enthusiastic are likely to become active and prominent members of the Communist Youth League. We know who is a real Communist and who is not."

One would think that as only the converted among the youth are admitted, further indoctrination after enrollment would be unnecessary. But the authorities are taking no chances. After enrollment the student is exposed to the labor theory of value and the materialist interpretation of history with the same vigor as he is to higher algebra and thermodynamics.

'Education Must Serve Politics'

On every campus I visited I saw banners and posters proclaiming the slogan "Education must be combined with productive labor." This was one of the two innovations introduced into China's school system at the end of last year. The other was the establishment of agricultural middle schools. I visited a couple of these. They are modeled after trade schools or technical or vocational high schools, and young working farmers of both sexes receive some practical training on the three Rs of Chinese agricultural methods on a part-work and part-study basis.

The practice of working while studying was lauded by every director or vice-director of every educational institution I visited, all the way from the Sun Yat-sen University in Canton to Heilukiang University in Harbin. It has effectively broken the age-old scholastic Chinese contempt for manual labor.

In the first volume of *Capital* Marx talks about "an education that will, in the case of every child over a given age, combine productive labor with instruction and gymnastics, not only as one of the methods of adding to the efficiency of production but as the only method of producing fully developed human beings." The Chinese leaders are translating Marx's views into action with fidelity and vigor. Many of the professors I met were apologetic

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for their past training, which was "mere acquisition of textbook knowledge" divorced from the realities of the people's needs. These professors are now making amends by working on farms and in factories in the mornings or evenings or during the weekends.

THE PRESIDENT of Wuhan University, which was founded in 1913 as the Wuchang Sun Yat-sen University, is typical of the new academic administrators. A stocky, blue-uniformed man in his fifties, he looked more like a retired prize fighter than a professor or a college president. Over the innumerable cups of tea and cigarettes he kept offering me in his well-appointed office, he delivered an impassioned little speech:

"Before liberation there were less than a thousand students at this university. There are now 3,700 students, of whom 45.4 per cent come from worker or peasant families. Women students constitute fifteen per cent. The faculty consists of 450 members.

"Since the rectification campaign and especially since the Second Plenary Session of the Eighth Party Congress proposed the general line of socialist construction, great results have been achieved in carrying out the educational policy—that education must serve politics and must be combined with productive labor.

"Up to the present, this institution has set up more than a hundred small factories and farms to provide students with opportunity for participation in labor. These enterprises include ironworks, a building-materials plant, a chemical plant, and farms producing a variety of crops. Because of the utmost exertions of students and teachers, the emancipation of their minds, and the throwing overboard of their superstitions, some of their scientific researches as well as their experimental products have reached and even surpassed advanced world levels."

He poured me some more tea and asked me if I had any questions. I inquired about his training and field of specialization.

"I have been a revolutionary Communist soldier all my life," he said.

The Strange Case Of the Missing Musicians

NAT HENTOFF

"I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED," said a Negro music student, glumly appraising his chances for a job after graduation, "why even the liberals who attend symphony concerts never seem to question the fact that all those musicians on stage are white. Doesn't that ever seem odd to them, or do they ever notice?"

A few months ago the Urban League of New York published a report prepared by its young industrial-relations secretary, Douglas Pugh, disclosing that neither the New York Philharmonic Society (which dates back to 1842) nor the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra had ever hired a professional Negro musician. The Little Orchestra Society had employed one; the City Center New York Ballet Orchestra and the City Center New York Opera Orchestra had engaged a Negro tympanist. There were none in the Summer Concert Orchestra at Lewisohn Stadium or in the Goldman Concert Band last summer. There had been three in the Symphony of the Air for one concert in 1956. "This was accomplished," the report noted, "by a number of newspaper articles written by Howard Taubman, New York *Times* music critic, which pointed out the availability of competent Negro musicians in New York. These same musicians were not rehired the following season because of the efforts of a small core of musicians in the orchestra who engaged in a racist campaign to exclude Negro musicians."

Not mentioned in the report is the fact that of the dozen orchestras that have been sent overseas as part of the President's International Program for Cultural Presentations, only one, so far as can be determined, was integrated. The program is administered for the State Department by the American National Theatre and Academy. ANTA officials admit they would prefer integrated orchestras but cannot interfere with individual orchestras' hiring policies. The one integrated orchestra was that of the Juilliard School of Music, which traveled through Europe last summer.

The report discussed work opportunities in theater orchestras: "From . . . 1956 until . . . 1958 there have been twenty-six musicals presented on Broadway. These musicals have employed approximately 650 musicians. Fourteen Negroes have performed in the pit orchestras of these shows with the concentration of the Negro musicians in *Mr. Wonderful* which was three, and four in *Jamaica*. Needless to say . . . both *Jamaica* and *Mr. Wonderful* featured a Negro headliner. . . . Negro musicians are usually employed when the musical has a Negro theme or the star of the production is a Negro. Employment for the Negro musician is most often secured at the insistence of the Negro headliner, a liberal producer, theatre owner, or pressures exerted by the Negro musician."

As an example, Pugh cited the 1953 *Porgy and Bess*. When the contractor (the hiring agent) for the Ziegfeld Theatre refused to consider Negro instrumentalists for the production, a committee of Negro musicians sent a letter to the producer and cast of the show in Paris. Producers Blevins Davis and Robert Breen cabled Billy Rose, owner of the theater: WE POSITIVELY REPEAT POSITIVELY WANT SEVERAL NEGRO MUSICIANS IN ORCHESTRA.

Help from Friends

There are some sixty-five musicians on the staff of each of the three major radio and TV networks. Pugh anticipated network reaction to claims of discrimination by observing that although Negro musicians are indeed occasionally seen on radio and TV, they appear as special guests. The staff situation is quite different. Until after the Urban League report was released, the National Broad-

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casting Company had no Negroes on staff except during 1942-1943, when two were engaged by a subsidiary, the Blue Network. The only reason the line was broken then was the persistent campaign of John Hammond, a jazz expert and a vice-president of the N.A.A.C.P. Hammond, who comes from a family of considerable wealth and social prestige, has been a consistent battler for civil rights nearly all his life.

The American Broadcasting Company had no Negroes on its staff from 1947 to 1957. One was employed at the time covered by the report; a second was added at about the time the report was published. The Columbia Broadcasting System has five Negroes on its staff. Among New York Negro musicians, CBS is considered the fairest of the networks in terms of open hiring—though here too it was Hammond, this time with assistance from Raymond Scott, a musical director at CBS, who broke the network's race line in 1942.

The Urban League report concluded by pointing out that the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra had never hired a Negro musician permanently on a full-time basis, although a few substitutes had been engaged. Material on the widespread Jim Crow among the city's leading society orchestras was not developed at all.

Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians, an integrated local (many AFM locals are not), was criticized for its "hands-off" policy. At least, Pugh wrote, 802 could include a nondiscrimination clause in its collective-bargaining agreements and could in general be less apathetic "with respect to discrimination in the employment of Negro musicians."

On and Off

After the Urban League report was released, all the orchestras denied bias. "In the last ten years not one Negro has shown up for an audition," said a spokesman for the Philharmonic. The other orchestras claimed they believed in and practiced full equality of opportunity.

A League committee, which also included John Hammond, began to meet in private with the orchestras and the networks. These meetings too began with expressions of surprise and hurt on the part of management that they should be accused of discrimination. An NBC executive admitted that the network was embarrassed. The higher echelon, he claimed, had simply not been aware of the situation.

In any case, after having insisted that they did not discriminate, each orchestra and network with which the League met promised to co-op-

erate to increase job opportunities for Negro musicians. The symphony orchestras agreed, moreover, to inform the League whenever auditions were scheduled.

In the month and a half following the release of the report, the orchestras that had denied practicing bias suddenly made available a total of seventy-two job opportunities for Negroes on twelve different occasions. This did not mean that seventy-two different Negroes were hired, but that seventy-two different engagements opened up, with several Negro musicians obtaining more than one. The New York Philharmonic, which had hired Negro singers in the past, hired its first Negro instrumentalist, tympanist Elaine Jones, from December 4 to 22. "I received my first call," she said recently, "the day after the newspapers carried the story of the report." The Philharmonic still has no permanent Negro player, but for the first time a Negro will be a regular member of the orchestra this summer at Lewisohn Stadium. Several Negroes were used as substitutes at Radio City. Three were hired for Symphony of the Air concerts. Two opened in the pit orchestra for *Whoop-Up* at the Shubert Theatre, and the Firestone Hour on ABC-TV hired a Negro flutist for one program. NBC meanwhile has added one Negro to its staff.

Commenting on the sudden increase in calls for substitute work, one Negro musician noted: "We aren't qualified, they say, for permanent posts, but we're good enough to come through the spotlighting and pressure of being a substitute who may be unfamiliar with part of what the orchestra is playing."

There are thirty thousand members of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians. Some five thousand of these are Negro. A large percentage of the thirty thousand are completely or relatively inactive. Negro musicians contend that a greater proportion of the Negro members than of the whites are full-time musicians.

Local 802 had made no public reply to criticism of it in the report, but the union's officers were offended. One insisted that the union was not a referral or hiring agency of any kind. When it did employ musicians —as in the Music Performance Trust Fund concerts—ninety per cent of the orchestras were integrated.

MANY JOBS—particularly in theater, radio, and TV—are obtained directly through contractors. Contractors are members of the union who also do hiring for employers, a doubling of roles which many members grumble about but which no one has tried to abolish. Their position gives the contractors considerable power, political as well as economic. Most Negro musicians are convinced that several contractors will not hire Negroes unless forced to.

Al Manuti, president of Local 802 and a newly elected member of the international executive board of the American Federation of Musicians, contends that "Negro musicians would find more jobs if they were more active in the affairs of the union, if they would attend more membership meetings and go more often to the exchange floor where members congregate three times a week and often find engagements. You can sometimes count on one hand the number of Negroes who show up at meetings. After all, you don't get called unless you're known, unless you meet people."

Another attitude was expressed by a society orchestra leader in a letter to the Urban League. He said he would meet with its committee, but added: "There are colored orchestras who do quite well at society affairs—but all-colored. It would be impossible to book orchestras with mixed personnel at private social affairs."

This orchestra leader elaborated

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his views in a conversation. "At these private affairs, we're dealing with people who are out having a good time. They want to forget business and they don't want to be confronted with a controversial situation. Anyone in a service business, therefore, steers away from something like mixed bands at private affairs. After all, no stand *has* to be taken. In essence, you see, there is no discrimination against Negro musicians in 'society' bands. There's just no call for them."

Lack of Contact

The feelings of many Negro musicians concerning discrimination in New York are summarized by Joe Wilder, a trumpet player who is on the Urban League list as being qualified to play symphony engagements as well as any other kind of assignment.

"A great deal of this," says Wilder, "may not be actual prejudice. A lot is due to lack of contact. I've been on jobs where the other musicians had never worked with a Negro before. At the beginning, there was quiet hostility and obvious apprehension, but most became friendly after a while.

"It's ignorance," Wilder continues, "due to no social relationship, and the lack of social contact is due to segregated housing. That's at the base of it.

"As a result of the bias," Wilder adds, "while no one says you can't come to an audition, it's pretty obvious you're not welcome. And when it's word of mouth, you seldom find out about it anyway. The union could make a more determined effort to become a clearinghouse for audition information, the way actors can find out what's going on by reading the weekly *Show Business*.

"Another factor," Wilder emphasizes, "is that before you're good enough to audition with a realistic chance of acceptance, you have to get experience. I got orchestral experience by working with rehearsal orchestras. There were many a few years ago, but few remain now. I wasn't usually welcome, but I'd get up any number of mornings—even if I had a matinee performance with a show—to make those sessions. I *had* to for the experience."

The Urban League, meanwhile, is pursuing the subject. It recently called a meeting of the best Negro musicians in New York, and compiled from their recommendations a nine-page listing of at least 163 qualified Negro instrumentalists. This list is being sent to all TV and radio networks, Broadway theater owners and producers, contractors, advertising agencies, etc. The League is also writing to music schools throughout the country to find out the names of those Negro students who may be ready to audition now. And to obtain as many seasoned applicants as possible, the few Negroes in symphony orchestras elsewhere in the country are being circularized to determine whether any want to come to New York and try for a post in one of the New York orchestras.

Meetings continue to be scheduled with management, and Pugh keeps a close check on all incoming Broadway shows to see if any Negroes are in the pit. Robert Dowling, a member of the board of directors of the Urban League, owner of several theaters, a leading producer, and chairman of the American National Theatre and Academy, arranged for the subject to be brought up at a recent meeting of the League of New York Theatres.

"The reaction," he said later, "was completely in favor of an open hiring policy. But since the actual hiring is done by the contractors, the next step is for each producer to ask the contractors to audition on an equal basis."

John Hammond, who has personally opened more job opportunities for Negro musicians in the past twenty-seven years than anyone else

(he had an integrated band on radio station WEVD in 1932, which he personally paid for), feels that the Urban League must continue to force the issue. "You can't wait for the organizations to do things voluntarily. The only way to get things done is to blackmail them with the power of public opinion."

"I'm glad," says a network contractor, "that the report came out. A lot of times the contractor takes the blame because somebody else—a leader, a star—is a bastard. But when you have the facts and figures, you don't have to be afraid of anybody."

Much of the continuing pressure must come, Hammond emphasizes, "from the Negro musicians themselves. They must apply, apply, apply for jobs, no matter how many times they're turned down. The more competent a man is, the more often he must apply. That way we won't be confronted at negotiations with the charge that no Negroes have ever auditioned."

So Much to Do

Several Negro musicians recently out of school have further questions. "Where are we going to get the experience so that we can apply for the important jobs?" one French-horn player asks. "There aren't more than ten professional symphony orchestras in the country that have Negroes, and many of the minor symphonies where one would normally gain experience are in the South—Dallas, Houston, Baltimore, San Antonio, New Orleans. There the doors are completely closed. It's going to take a lot more than getting equal opportunity in New York for the Negro musician to get a fair chance in symphony orchestras.

"As it is now," he continues, "my experience comes in dribs and drabs, unlike that of white players. I snatch a concert here, a rehearsal there. And when I do get one, I'm straining to get as much as I can out of each experience while the white guys are relaxed."

"Orchestra players," explains tympanist Elaine Jones, "need the help of so many other instrumentalists. A Negro singer or solo pianist can go ahead and work and learn the repertoire on his own, but not a symphony musician."

"Yes," agrees Doug Pugh, marking the show listings in the *Times* for pit orchestras to check, "there's a lot to be done, and a lot most people don't notice. You go to a lot of concerts," he says to a visitor. "Ever see a Negro usher at Carnegie Hall or Town Hall or the Met? Or at any of the legitimate theaters? Ever wonder about it?"

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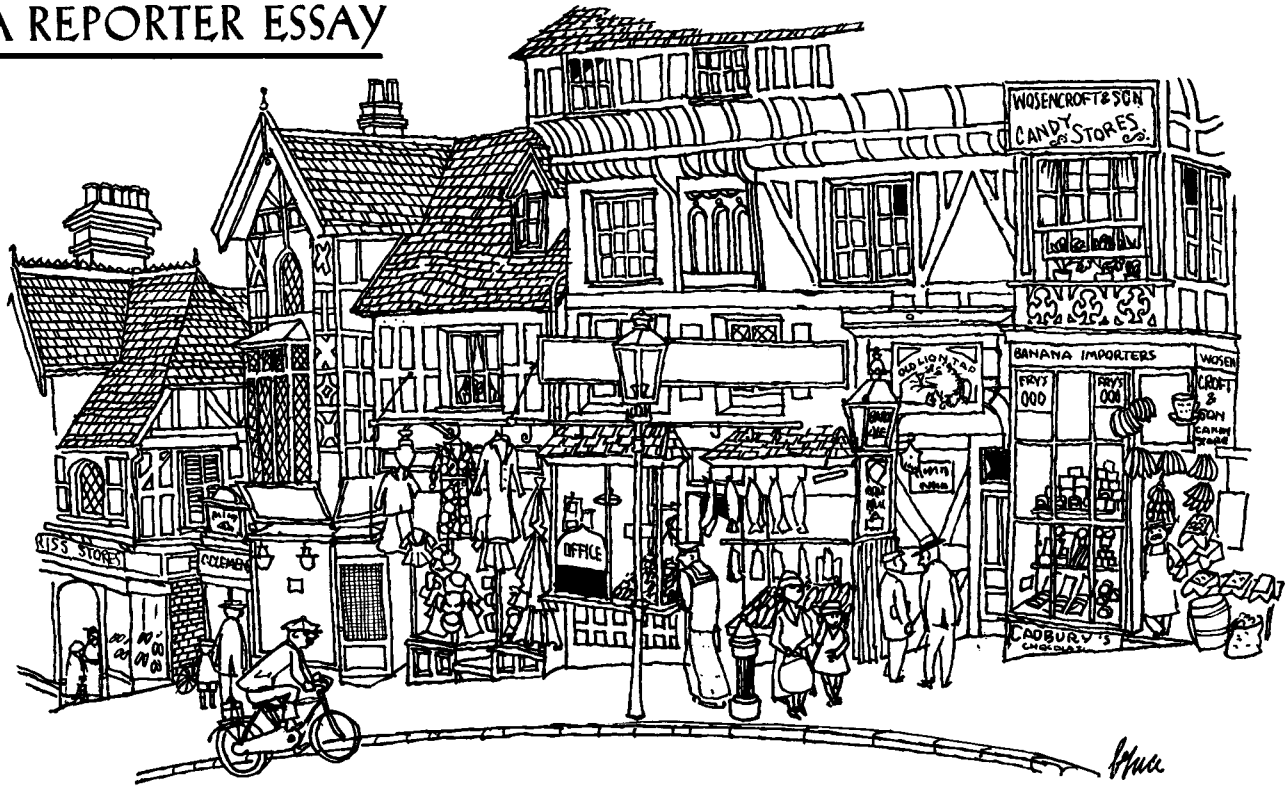
A REPORTER ESSAY



The Old Order Cometh

In Which a Tory Takes a Dim View of Britain's 'New Feudalism'

CHARLES CURRAN

LONDON

WHEN THE FIRST GUN fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, a new book was causing a stir in London. It had the unlikely title of *Ancient Law;* its author was Sir Henry Maine, a British jurist; and it presented a generalization that made him famous—a formula for progress. The progressive society, said Maine, evolves from status to contract, from the sort of state in which the citizen's place is fixed for him to the sort where he fixes it for himself by his own efforts. Feudalism turns into individualism.

At the time Maine produced his formula, Victorian Britain exemplified it to the letter. Progress, in his terms, had come to a climax there. Industrialism had swept away the last remnants of the pre-capitalist structure that assigned rights, duties, and privileges at each social level. In its place, in 1861 there stood a market economy based on open competition.

Since then, a social revolution has taken place in Britain. It can be summed up as a reversal of Maine's formula. The British people have moved back, consciously and deliberately, from contract to status. The same process is, of course, to be observed in other countries, leading to what we loosely call the welfare state. But nowhere has it taken such deep root as in Britain. And nowhere have its consequences been so dramatic.

Most obvious of all is the fact that the British working class, for the first time since the Industrial Revolution, has become a conservative force. Its main concern now is not to make further changes but to guard those it has achieved, and to protect them from erosion by inflation or unemployment. Politically, it wants no more than to expand the supply of welfare benefits. Industrially, it wants to keep the present employment patterns.

This is not surprising. For the welfare state in Britain is built to working-class specifications. It supplies a demand that is deeply felt by the British worker—for a non-competitive society where nobody need struggle to survive, where there is an assured livelihood for the weak, the slow, and the ungifted. In pre-capitalist Britain, such a society existed from the eleventh to the eighteenth century. It was ruptured, then demolished, by the Industrial Revolution. Now the common man has re-created it.

ANY ESTIMATE of this new-old society must be subjective. It will reflect the personal bias of the observer. My own bias is to the Right—by temperament as well as conviction, I am on the Tory side in British politics. But the facts of the welfare state are not in dispute; and before I attempt a verdict on them, I want to quote one that has just been given by J. B. Priestley.

Mr. Priestley is no Tory. He is an unreconstructed British radical. His bagful of talents includes a barometric sensitivity to social changes—an attribute that has helped to make him by far the most influential writer in Britain. His latest book is called *Topside, or The Future of England.* It is a dialogue commentary on the welfare state, in which one speaker says:

"There, in the middle, a central citadel of power, I see Topside. All round

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it, stretching as far as the eye can see, are what we could call the Takers. They represent the bulk of the English people, mostly belonging to what used to be called the working class. In spite of inflation, most of these people, the Takers, unlike their fathers and mothers, aren't dissatisfied with their lot . . .

"No dream of anything much better disturbs them. Mass amusements keep boredom at bay. Not completely perhaps, because now and again many of them must feel that something's missing, and this occasional feeling of frustration probably explains some odd explosions of resentment and violence. But when their Prime Minister tells them they've 'never had it so good,' they can't disagree, even if they don't agree with any enthusiasm.

"But then, away from the football stands, they don't show any enthusiasm. They're not on the whole politically-minded nor public-spirited, but they're still fairly responsive to traditional appeals to them as decent citizens. . . . They take what Topside offers them."

So indeed they do. But the nature of the process needs to be scrutinized. It looks like charity, and ill-informed critics of the welfare state sometimes talk as though it were. Yet the appearances are misleading.

The Tutelage State

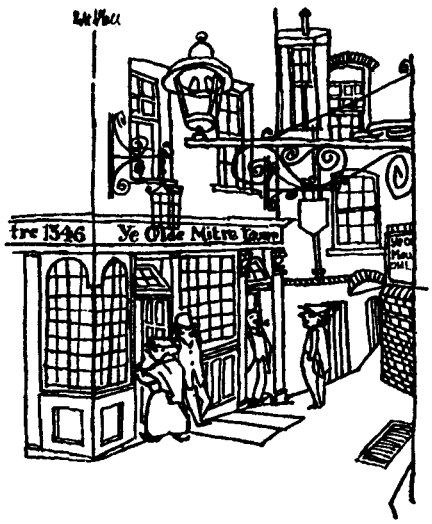
In platform rhetoric, this new state is based on redistributive taxation, on taking money from the rich in order to support the poor. But in fact, the redistribution is horizontal rather than vertical. Benefits are paid for, very largely, by levies on the persons who receive them; and the more the wage level rises, the truer this becomes. The state takes money from the citizen and then spends it in his behalf.

The worker lives in a subsidized house, where he pays less than the economic rent. But he himself supplies the subsidy—partly through the income tax that his employer deducts from his wages, partly through the taxes on his tobacco and alcohol. He accepts this arrangement without demur. He is content to pay in the same indirect fashion for the maternity grant his wife gets, for the cheap meals supplied to his children at school, and for all his other welfare benefits. Thus he sheds most of the obligations that in the market economy rest on the husband and father—the duty to put a roof over his family's head, to support and provide for them by his own efforts, to protect them from the misfortunes of life. He transfers these obligations to the community—i.e., the state. It is no exaggeration to say that in some important respects, he puts himself into a condition of voluntary tutelage.

You can study the process in detail on the municipal housing "estates" that are the most eye-catching feature of postwar Britain. About three and a half million wage earners and their families now live on these developments, which have been built on the outskirts of the nineteenth-century towns, in the old coal-and-steam industrial areas, and throughout the new factory zone stretching across the south of England that has been created by cheap, plentiful electricity. Wherever they are, the estates look very much the same. They are psychological laboratories in which life by tutelage is being tested.

There are some rich people on these estates, but apart from them everybody earns more or less the same amount of money. It is a one-class, egalitarian society. Tastes, habits, dress, speech, and social behavior are all undifferentiated. It is also an atomized society. For the estates contain few meeting places of any kind (since the planners who designed them made houses their first priority). There are hardly any public buildings, places of worship, hotels, restaurants, bars, cafés, cinemas, dance halls, or clubs. Sometimes there are no shops either—and housewives must buy from touring vans.

Council landlords, all over Britain, regulate their tenants' lives in patriarchal fashion. Some of their rulebooks read like the decrees of a medieval baron giving orders to his villeins. Thus,



tenants may be forbidden to keep pets, to hang out their laundry, to take in lodgers, or to allow their children to play in the streets. They must not paint or decorate their houses, even at their own expense, unless they first get permission and approval. They must cultivate their gardens in strict compliance with instructions—grow flowers to order, refrain from growing any unauthorized vegetation, keep the soil free from weeds. They must open their homes to their overlord's inspector, and obey his commands about how they allocate their rooms for living, cooking, and sleeping, how they arrange their furniture, which kind of fuel they use.

Morals are supervised; tenants are sometimes expelled if they are found to be living in sin. Incomes are supervised; on some estates, the tenants must declare their earnings, and their statements are checked with their employers. The Labour council at Jarrow-on-Tyne learned not long ago that the wife of one of its tenants, the mother of four children, was doing part-time needlework at home. The council promptly ordered her to stop. "She does not need the money," said the councilors, "since her husband earns a good salary." She was compelled to obey.

Obedience is enforced, on every estate in Britain, by the power to evict. No reason need be given for an eviction notice, and there is no right of appeal to the courts—as there is against a private landlord.

The tutelage pattern, in housing as in taxation, is welcomed by the manual worker and lauded by his spokesmen. They uphold it as socially just, and they seek to extend it. At present, council tenants total about forty per cent of trade-union membership. The Labour Party has pledged that if it is returned to power at the coming election, it will transfer to municipal ownership a further six million houses that now belong to private landlords. This would make the council estate the standard way of life for the great majority of British families, middle-class as well as working-class.

Retreat to Fantasy

There is no question that this revolution has eliminated many older injustices and brought many benefits to the working class. But it has its less elevating aspects. Let me sum them up as I see them. Tutelage produces docility. That is one psychological consequence. But it is not the only one. Freedom from responsibility creates an appetite for fantasy. With the retreat from contract there goes a retreat from reality. You see this, I think, when you look at the worker's leisure-time tastes—the newspapers he reads, his obsessional interest in television, and his appetite for football-pool gambling.

A pool is a weekly lottery in which the contestants are required to forecast the results of a number of football (i.e., soccer) games. The promoter acts as a stakeholder. He pools all the money received, deducts his commission and the tax levied by the government, then distributes the remainder as dividends to the persons whose predictions prove to

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be accurate. Ten million people try the pools in Britain every week. The season runs from the end of August to the beginning of May. (During the summer gap, pools are organized on the results of football games played in Australia.) About £70 million is staked every year, and a third of this total is distributed in prizes.

Stakes are small, averaging about half a crown (thirty-five cents) for each competitor. But the prizes are vast. A Welsh miner in the Rhondda Valley recently won £75,000 for a stake of no more than twopence. During the past few weeks, several winners have done even better. Two of them got more than £200,000 each and one has netted £300,000. Alfred Bowen, the £75,000 miner, might indeed stand as a symbol of the social revolution. For the Rhondda Valley, throughout the fifty years that preceded the 1945 Labour Government, was the cockpit of the class war in Britain, the breeding ground for leaders of revolt whose names were known throughout the land. Bowen lives in the Rhondda town of Trealaw; a mile away across the valley is Tonypandy—which to British radicals is what Homestead and Haymarket Square were to their American counterparts.

The class war is now a fading memory in the Rhondda. The pits have been nationalized; the firebrands are dead or pensioned or employed by the Coal Board, and they have no successors. The valley that once made heroes of revolutionaries today idolizes Alfred Bowen. He is the new image of success.

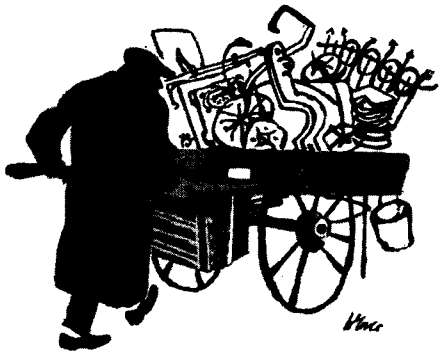
In the Britain of 1959, you can open a conversation on any working-class doorstep with the question: "What would you do if you won the pools?" You will get in reply a detailed blueprint, an Alnaschar daydream of life in luxury. Week after week, the pools promoters send a thrill of hope through millions of homes when they announce the lucky names. Each big beneficiary is photographed, interviewed, written about, turned into a celebrity. The football coupon has become Everyman's passport to Utopia, sacred and untouchable. (Although the Labour Party proposes to tax capital gains, it will leave pools prizes tax-free, as they are now.)

'Wiv a Little Bit o' Luck'

Next to the pools coupon in this daydream world stands the television set. There is one in every working-class house, and it is an integral part of the living pattern. The fascination exercised by the TV performer can be studied, of course, on both sides of the Atlantic. But nowhere else is it exhibited in such magnetic, compulsive fashion as among British wage earners. There it is immense, unlimited, awe-inspiring. To appear on TV, even occasionally, is to learn what it feels like to be a goldfish, or an escaped convict; it is the prelude to instant recognition all over Britain.

The current popularity of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan dates from a TV interview between him and Ed Murrow, which was shown on British screens. Mr. Murrow succeeded where the prime minister's advisers had despaired—and elicited facets of Mr. Macmillan's personality that recommended him to working-class viewers. If the Tories win the next election, their first act should be to confer a peerage on Mr. Murrow; he has earned it more plainly than anybody since Marlborough got a dukedom.

But to study this escape into fantasy in detail you must look at the British press. The newspapers and magazines that sell to the working-class reader do so by giving him what he wants; and what he wants most of all is distraction. Sixty years ago, Lord Northcliffe built his Fleet Street empire by supplying the masses with news. "First with the News" was the slogan he selected for his first London paper. It was simplified, fragmented, easy to read, self-explanatory; but it was news all the same. Nowadays, the journals that capture the working-class public provide escape from the news. They offer their readers a refuge from nuclear-age bewilderment, from the uncharted world of problems beyond reach of slogans, where all the familiar sound tracks of pre-Hiroshima politics have a hollow, irrelevant ring. They deal—to an extent that shocks visiting Americans—primarily in personalities, entertainment, spectacle, sexual relations, and luxury. They exploit, with every trick of technical skill, two formulas—"I wish it was me," and "It might even be me, with luck."



They present a cozy, cheerful, manageable universe, populated by pools winners, TV performers, and seductive young women, surrounded by a climate of conspicuous expenditure, and reinforced by commentators who supply ready-made opinions. It is a framework for fantasties. There is a copious stock of fortune tellers, astrologers, horoscopes, and experts on how to get rich quick by speculation and by making the right football forecasts. It looks like a vast wish-fulfillment bazaar. Reality breaks in only as an extension of personal problems—about jobs, wages, or welfare benefits.

For the people at whom this journalism is aimed want, above all else, to be left in peace. They shut their ears and their minds, so far as they can, against challenging noises. They have come ashore at Colchis and found the Golden Fleece. They have achieved the social-security paradise that the common man has wanted ever since the Industrial Revolution, and they are content.

So far as society generates any common purpose among its beneficiaries, it is toward the maintenance of equilibrium. What are the chances of achieving that? To a great extent, of course, the answer depends on external forces beyond Britain's control. But the structure is well buttressed against internal stress.

The Anchor Is Dragging

One buttress is the rising age level of the British people. Nearly fifteen per cent of them are now of pensionable age, and the proportion is mounting all the time. By 1980 it will be twenty per cent. These elderly citizens constitute a built-in stabilizer, a reinforcement for inertia. At the other end of the age scale is the education system—which today enables anyone of more than average intelligence to make his way to the upper slopes of the social pyramid. There is no ferment any more among the masses. Nor is there likely to be. Gifted young men are creamed off; the grievances that once provided them both with careers and with a sense of mission have disappeared. Consequently, trade-unionism is moving into a twilight zone. It is falling into the hands of educational rejects—men not bright enough to pass the examination that enables a boy, at the age of eleven, to win a place on the state escalator that takes him up to the university and out of the working class.

The working class, in fact, is becoming a residue. It is made up of the people who fail to qualify for upward mobility, for whom the state is a benevolent despot, a father figure that supplies benefits with one hand and removes responsibilities with the other.

Now this, let me emphasize again, is a personal verdict—though many Britons, I think, would accept it as broadly accurate. How much corroboration is there for it?

A great many observers have studied

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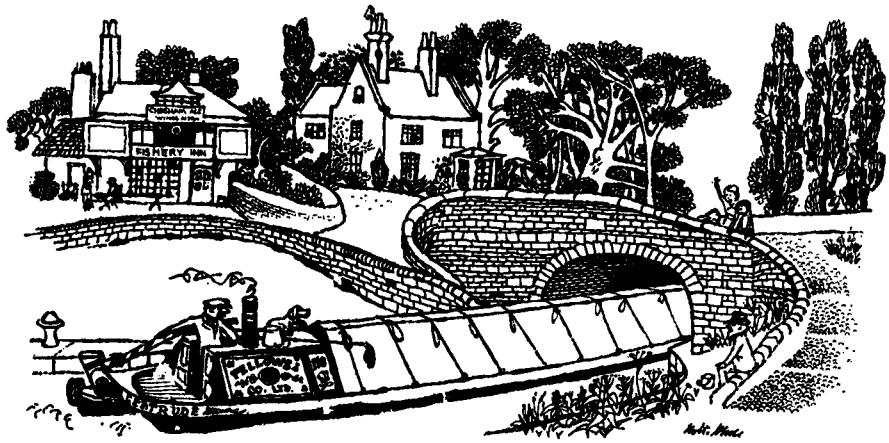
postwar Britain, and a considerable literature exists. Several provincial universities—notably Liverpool and Wales—have made regional surveys. A book called *Coal Is Our Life,* by Norman Dennis, Fernando Henriques, and Clifford Slaughter—which takes a Yorkshire mining area and treats it rather as Robert and Helen Lynd did Middletown—throws a flood of light on the miner's attitude on nationalization. And three other observers in particular need to be noticed.

THE FIRST is Dr. Ferdinand Zweig, a Polish economist who formerly held a chair at the University of Cracow. His case studies of the British worker—*Labour, Life and Poverty* (1948), *Men in the Pits* (1949), and *Women's Life and Labour* (1952)—have made him the Malinowski of the welfare state. As a foreigner, bearing none of the caste marks that inhibit free speech in stratified England, he was able to enter the industrial world and talk to its inhabitants with candid curiosity; his reports are as racy as that missionary classic, Huc's *Travels in Tartary*. Dr. Zweig sums up the worker's viewpoint thus:

"His trade union and the community should give him protection against ill-health, accident, unemployment or old age, and the contributions he pays he regards as a sufficient saving effort. The money he gets is for living—i.e., for housekeeping and for pleasures. A middle-class man thinks first of all of the betterment of his condition by his own individual efforts. The working-class man is content to stay as he is . . . His individualism is not very developed. He is practically never alone, he has little privacy at home, at work, or in his leisure time. He has a sense of individual helplessness . . ."

Dr. Zweig describes, with a mixture of sympathy and wonderment, the people of the industrial mass: satisfied with their lot, seeking distraction in gambling, drinking, and commercialized amusements. The welfare state has given them bourgeois living standards but not bourgeois values. His picture may be compared with one painted from a different angle by Richard Hoggart in a remarkable book, *The Uses of Literacy* (1957). Mr. Hoggart has risen from the working class on the educational escalator. He looks at it with intimacy and without illusions. He puts aside the "pastoral myth" that it is composed of Judes the Obscure, people whose talents have been thwarted by an unjust social system. "Most working-class people," he writes, "are not climbing; they do not quarrel with the general level; they only want the little more that allows a few frills."

Behind Mr. Hoggart's picture looms the question: Is this the inevitable result of mass emancipation, or a perversion wrought by profit seekers pandering to the weaknesses of simple, unsophisticated people? A detailed answer is offered by another ex-working-class British writer, Raymond Williams. In his book *Culture and Society* (1958), he points an accusing finger at the profit seekers, and argues that "It is much too



early to conclude that a majority culture is necessarily low in taste." He develops this argument in his contribution to *Conviction,* a recent symposium by a group of Socialist intellectuals. Here Mr. Williams attacks the "false equation" between popular education and commercial culture—"the plea that, if you let the masses in, this is what you get." He says frankly that one reason why he rejects the equation is "a matter of faith; I don't believe that the ordinary people in fact resemble the normal description of the masses, low and trivial in taste and habit." But this, he insists, is misleading. He repudiates the view that "the observable badness of so much popular culture" is a true guide to its consumers' minds and feelings. He seeks to refute it partly by citing working-class people he knows who do not exemplify it.

The Center Will Not Hold

Mr. Williams may be right. But to me, at any rate, his reasoning is reminiscent of the question put by that pitiless logician, Groucho Marx: "Which would you sooner believe—me, or your own eyes?" What observers such as Mr. Williams seem to ignore is the distinguishing fact about pre-welfare-state Britain; the fact that it had a *Weltanschauung* based on Christianity, an ethic upheld by the shared conviction that man was a being with a context in eternity. That conviction has gone. It is this vast change in the social climate, I suggest, that is the prime cause of mass culture; not capitalism, or compulsory education, or Lord Northcliffe, or the invention of the juke box. For at the root of mass culture is a new *Weltanschauung.* Its name is materialist hedonism.

So far, it has not generated an ethic. The moral mortar of the welfare state is not much more than a fear of the police. You see this void when you look at Britain's most stubborn contemporary problem, which is law enforcement. To a large extent, all the stock causes of crime have been removed—poverty, squalor, illiteracy. Yet crime has soared to a record-breaking height. Nearly twice as many indictable offenses are being committed today as were recorded at the depth of the prewar economic slump.

Not only are there far more crimes; there are also far more criminals in their teens and early twenties than ever before. The reasons are, of course, multifold. But the loss of the categorical imperative underlies all the others. The transfer of parental functions and duties to the state has fractured the mold of centuries. Britain now looks to the schools alone to do what formerly both parents and churches did: to supply a moral code. But to try to make the teacher the sole custodian of moral values is to impose on him a task for which he is fitted neither by training nor, sometimes, by inclination. Furthermore, full employment has created the economically independent teen-ager, and thus robbed the parent of financial authority over him. Irresponsibility becomes hereditary.

If Britain fails to find a workable humanist ethic, it will probably be driven—after a decade or two of increasing lawlessness—to adopt a far harsher penal code, and to control its teen-agers by imposing some kind of earnings rule that will limit their financial independence. An aging society, with millions of citizens who accept paternalism as the *summum bonum,* is likely to be a stern parent.

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PROFILES

A FLAIR FOR MINUTIAE

NOT MORE THAN a few minutes after the birth, by a fairly run-of-the-mill breech extraction, of Stickney Welter (now a rather quiet, self-effacing man of forty-eight generally conceded to be perhaps this nation's foremost authority on the relative pronoun, who, although his name appears on no masthead, is known to exercise a pervasive, if comparatively gentle, stewardship over the editorial contents of a relatively sophisticated weekly magazine called *The Dubuquer*), a nurse who happened to be in the delivery room at the time the world was afforded its first rather unprepossessing glimpse of young Welter is quoted as having remarked to the newborn infant's father, for whom the experience was not precisely unprecedented, he having already sired four other youngsters, all older than the future editor, "Congratulations! It's a boy!" The anecdote, although perhaps apocryphal, does nonetheless illustrate, among other things, a painstaking predilection, typical of Welter's entire career, for the massive accretion, more often than not in unusually long sentences and even longer paragraphs, of a disparate variety of details, above all those having to do with childhood, that to less sensitive observers might appear, especially if they had happened to have been presented in a somewhat less finely wrought prose, trivial or even pointless. As an example of this by and large distinctive characteristic of what has come to be known in certain literary circles as *The Dubuquer* style, a regular reader of that magazine is reported to have called an acquaintance's attention to a four-installment biographical sketch in the opening paragraph of which no less than approximately the first four or five thousand words were devoted to an inch-by-inch inventory of the supposedly quaint and evocative furnishings of a fairly prominent investment counsellor's reception room. "Chrissake!" the reader is held to have exploded rather intemperately, "they didn't even get us past the bastard's secretary until after most people in that part of town had knocked off for the day. But the old boy sure wasn't in no rush. No sir, when *The Dubuquer* interviews them, even somebody like you or I suddenly acquires a rich, beautiful total recall—and we all sound real colloquial and colorful, if you know what I mean. Well, this investment counsellor takes a long, thoughtful look out the window at the late-afternoon lighter and ferry traffic in the Harbor, see, and he pours out ten, twelve thousand words autobiography nonstop before he snaps up the old dispatch case and heads for the Century Club. The guy led a fascinating life, too. I mean really. After Milton, he went to Yale, where he rowed bow on a J.V. crew that beat Harvard in a breath-taking race at Red Top by a quarter of a boat length. He married his sister's roommate and they still enjoy to go out dancing together as much as they did when she used to come down from Smith and meet him under the clock at the Biltmore. I mean, it makes you sort of choke up, don't it? Oh, I almost forgot the best part. One time he was cleaning his shotgun—great skeet shooter in his prime—and all of a sudden it goes off by mistake. Bang! there's a hole as big as a birdbath right in the middle of his grandmother's swellest Oriental rug. Jesus, the old lady was sore! But that was tame compared to the story they ran a couple, three months ago about the street walkers. Nah, I don't mean whores, I mean people who walk on streets. There's this couple, see, that's got a classic anal compulsion—at least that's the way I see it--that they got to walk on every street in some city and then mark it out on the map. Up and down, up and down—they can't hardly wait for Saturday morning so they can spend two whole days at it. New York's their masterpiece, but all the time they're knocking off minor-league stuff just for the hell of it—like they did Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, in thirty-seven hours flat one summer they was resting up in the Poconos. It's not only lots of fun, it's useful, this hobby, because you know what happened? One Sunday morning about seven-thirty they seen a building was starting to catch on fire down around Canal Street, and you know what these two people did? They turned in a fire alarm, that's what they did! I wish I could tell you about the series that ran not long ago about some soda pop, but honest, I just couldn't finish it. Although I understand they sent a battalion of copy editors, proofreaders, fact checkers, and old ladies who get paid just to write 'What does this mean?' on their galleys through it about twelve times before they were satisfied. And the sentences got longer each time. Actually it's a pretty smart idea. I mean, you take the average guy will read the first sentence of anything to see what's it about. Well, hell, in *The Dubuquer* if you read the first sentence, you might as well go ahead and finish it, because you're already about halfway through. Although I got to admit, sometimes you think you *ought* to be halfway through and you start turning to look for the end and you find you got maybe thirty pages to go and you wonder how in hell they're going to keep it up that long. You ever heard how they decide how long a story's going to be? Well, they got these little quotes from other magazines and things like Army training manuals at the bottom of the last column—for example some poor son of a bitch splits an infinitive or he says 'which' when he should of said 'that,' and wouldn't that make you bust a gut laughing? I know a lot of people think they put these little quotes in to fill out the last column of a piece. What they actually do is, they make the *stories* fit them little quotes. Sometimes they got to kill and sometimes they got to fill, and lots of times they do both. That's why most of the things you read in *The Dubuquer* all end kind of funny. It's because they chop off the last couple of sentences to make room for these

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here little quotes. Right in the middle of nowhere somebody'll say something real spooky that don't seem to have anything to do with anything, but that don't matter—it's the end, girls, finis. Naturally they never have any trouble if an article needs to be padded out a column or two so it will get through the ads over onto the page where them little quotes are. There's always three or four hundred words lying around the office, like say it's a piece about a horticulturist, well, they tell you what his daughter's kids are named, the one who married the acoustical engineer, and how old they are and where they go to school. Or it might be a description about how many different strokes the cleaning ladies use when they mop up Penn Station at night, that sort of thing. I'll never forget what old Copey learned us all back in English 'A' at Harvard about the power of a seemingly insignificant detail suddenly to illuminate an entire character or situation. 'You must never forget,' old Copey used to tell us, 'that even when something *seems* dull and unimportant on the surface, there is always a possibility that it really *is*!' But what really bugs me about *The Dubuquer*," the aforementioned observer of that publication's hebdomadal redaction is reported to have remarked as he turned up the fur collar of his black leather jacket and shuffled ambivalently out into a gentle spring rain to take his place in the next-to-last Carey limousine of a funeral cortege, "is how people just go on talking and talking without anybody asking them to." —ROBERT BINGHAM

(This is the last in a series of one hundred and seventeen articles on Mr. Welter.)

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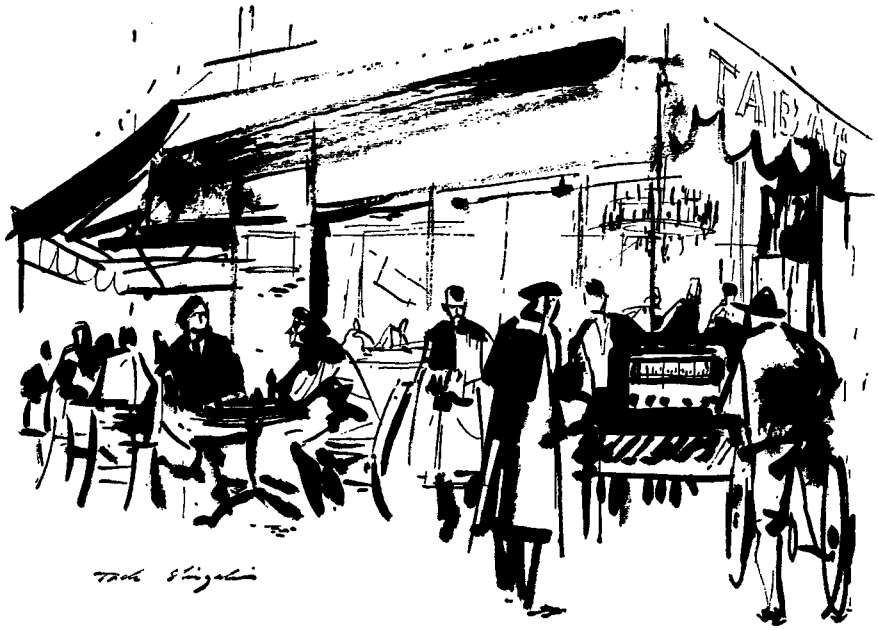
WHICH PAGE D'YA READ?

Dressing, for the Mayor, is not the matter of picking and choosing the right combination of suit, tie, shirt, socks, and shoes that it is for many men; he is color blind . . . —*Page 40, the New Yorker, February 2, 1957.*

The Mayor's memory keeps a record not only of people's names and faces and the trivia of people's conversations but of the letters people write him. "You know," he will say to Miss Kelly, "about six, seven months ago I had a letter from that fellow who called this morning. It was on white paper, and it had a little yellow thing on top, and blue engraving."—*Pages 65 and 66 of the same magazine, same issue.*

TRAVEL



Stars to Steer By

RAY ALAN

WHATEVER the weather, France possesses two infallible harbingers of spring: the annual quarrel between the ministry of education and the farmers and *hôteliers* over the dates of the public-school system's summer vacation, and the bright-red blossoming of the *Guide Michelin* on every bookstall.

The Guide's *raison d'être* is to create good will for Michelin tires. (It is as well to stress this, as American and British newcomers to it are apt to be puzzled by its obsession with tire pressures and its inclusion of tire stores among the sights and essential addresses of French resorts. "Do they really expect one to take home a tire as a souvenir of Antibes?") It all started just sixty years ago when a tire manufacturer named André Michelin foresaw that the new national sport arising from the spread of automobile ownership in France would be not so much *automobilisme* as *gastromobilisme*. In the list of Michelin tire dealers that his salesmen gave to any motorist who would take one, he included the names and addresses of nearby hotels and restaurants. Subsequently a mention of sights and curiosities was added, and the first town plans made their appearance. The list became a brochure, the brochure a book. The print order grew from three thousand in 1900 to fifty thousand in 1910. But, as architects of welfare states are continually discovering, twentieth-century man is as yet too primitive to appreciate what he does not have to pay for. Garage hands used the Guide as a wedge; hotelkeepers hung it in the toilet.

In 1931 André Michelin put on sale what were claimed to be the first folding road maps for motorists and decreed that henceforth his Guide would be sold. Skeptics predicted early disillusionment on both counts, but motorists promptly lined up to buy the guidance they had scorned when it was free. Nearly three decades later, his firm's road maps are still generally considered the best in Europe, and the 1958 edition of the Guide (subsidized by Michelin to the tune of $100,000) sold 280,000 copies. The official instructions for starting most French cars are now: "(1) Put gear lever to neutral; (2) Switch on ignition; (3) Check that

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the horn works; (4) Check that the *Guide Michelin* is in the car; (5) Pull/push the *démarreur . . .*"

THE GUIDE's formula could not be simpler. The usual introductory pages are followed by a brief gastronomic geography of France. (Scandalously, the cheese and regional-specialties maps have recently been suppressed in order to make room for German and Italian translations of the introductory section: if that doesn't wreck Little Europe I don't know what will.) Then every significant French town and thousands of villages are listed in alphabetical order.

Beneath each entry some fifty hieroglyphs and almost as many abbreviations and typographical tricks indicate the administrative status of the place, its population and altitude, the local sights, where to buy tires, where to find a mechanic, and the logistics, specialities, and prices of a cross section of hotels and restaurants. A tiny tap, for instance, means "cold running water only," a pitcher "no running water," and a candle "no electric light." Three crossed forks and spoons, printed in black, mean that a restaurant is "very comfortable." Printed in red, they indicate that the establishment is exceptionally "pleasant"; and from the fact that a restaurant a hundred yards away from where I am writing got itself promoted recently from black to red merely by acquiring a new proprietress, I deduce that they also mean *"La patronne est une belle blonde."*

Stars guide the reader's footsteps—or, preferably, his Michelin tires—to memorable monuments and meals. Three stars mean "well worth the journey"; two "worth a detour." It is the culinary stars that matter—and cause the *Guide Michelin* to be snapped up and pondered over. Small-town political crises and shattering domestic dramas swirl around them. Cooks who have dropped a star have been known to call at the local tire agency with a carving knife. When the Hôtel Fourcade brought disgrace to Castelnaudary, proud capital of the *cassoulet*, by losing its star, outraged local patriots were restrained only by reports that there were heavy troop movements in the vicinity.

Unique among mortals is the plump Mère Brazier, recipient of five Michelin stars annually for the last ten years—three for her restaurant at the Col de la Luère and two for the one she runs thirteen miles away in Lyon. If she is the queen of restaurateurs, the acknowledged king until his death in 1955 was Fernand Point, owner and chef of the Pyramide at Vienne, just south of Lyon. Madame Point has kept up his standards—an extraordinary achievement—and the Pyramide still has three stars. The only three-star husband-and-wife team in the Guide today is that of M. and Mme. Dumaine, at the Côte d'Or in Saulieu, whose *truite au Chambertin* and *jambon à la crème* and fabulous cellar draw dinner parties from Paris, 162 miles away.

The 1959 Guide awards three stars to only eleven restaurants in the whole of France, four more than in 1951 (the first "normal" postwar year), and two stars to fifty-seven, six more than in 1951. But the total of one-star restaurants has shrunk in eight years from 675 to 577, and the Guide's seven anonymous inspectors who, caterpillar-like, eat their way systematically across France every two years to keep the score, grumble that French cookery is in decline. Restaurateurs complain that it is the inspectors who are getting liverish. Still others snarl that the Guide as such is to blame: by encouraging a scramble for stars it is imposing uniform culinary standards over the whole country.

The Guide has space to list only about twelve per cent of France's eighty thousand hotels and restaurants, and five hundred are ejected and five hundred newcomers included every year. Mere inclusion boosts turnover by ten per cent, but a star brings the average restaurateur forty per cent more customers and adds appreciably to the value of his business. (Even the famous Tour d'Argent of Paris rocked in 1952 when the *Guide Michelin* snuffed out one of its three stars, and made a herculean effort to climb back to grace: no one has ever eaten better at the Tour d'Argent than in 1952-1953.) It is natural that restaurateurs should study the Michelin inspectors' tastes and concentrate on the specialities that light up stars.

On this point the Guide is vulnerable. The seven inspectors pay only a minimum of homage to regional specialties and do not appear greatly to enjoy the beef, pork, and veal they encounter; but they are crazy about chicken, crayfish, lobster, and pike. The Elysian village of Talloires (pop. 754), in Haute-Savoie, besides enjoying a three-star situation by the Lake of Annecy, possesses four starred restaurants (one of which is the famous Auberge du Père Bise): at three of them *queues d'écrevisses* get a special mention. *Queues d'écrevisses* are also featured at the Col de la Luère and Vienne, and at humbler restaurants dotted like steppingstones across France from the Pyrenees to the Rhine. Wherever pike are within snapping distance, one finds the inspectors tossing out stars in praise of *quenelles de brochet.* The restaurateur shrewd enough to kill two fish with one stone and offer *quenelles de brochet au coulis d'écrevisses* (like M. Fernandez in Nancy, M. Rey in Annecy, and M. Blanchard in Pouilly) is sure of his place in the Michelin firmament.

Such idiosyncrasies sometimes drive anti-crayfish gastronomes into the pages of other guides—though the estrangement rarely outlasts one edition. No other guide has the Michelin's scope and precision, and some employ inspectors who allow their judgment to be influenced by a restaurateur's willingness to feast them on the house or order several copies of the next edition. All Michelin inspectors pay cash and their bills are filed at HQ.

LEADER of the opposition is the *Guide Kléber-Colombes,* published by France's only manufacturer of tubeless tires (the subsidiary of an American firm). Unable to adopt a complex system of symbols without seeming to plagiarize the Michelin formula, it is reduced to wordiness; but it is trying hard to develop a distinctive approach and in a few years' time it could have Michelin worried. Its present sale is around forty thousand copies.

The *Guide des Routiers* was intended originally for long-distance truck drivers and commercial travelers. It lists inexpensive restaurants whose specialties are ample food, a free and easy atmosphere, and a pretty waitress who pretends not to

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understand truck drivers' jokes. Unfortunately, most restaurants in the *Routiers* category seem to have installed television recently to attract football fans on Sunday afternoons, and the baleful box imposes itself at full blast most weekdays too: the *bonne franquette* is but a memory, there is neither joking nor flirting, and the food is turned to ashes by the puerile propaganda of the state broadcasting monopoly's *Journal télévisé*. In the guidebook I should like to edit one day there would be a tiny death's-head symbol meaning "Beware—TV."

The guide of the *Club des Sans-Club* used to be bought by many tourists for the reductions it entitled one to at certain restaurants. A Paris court decreed two years ago that this title be dropped, to avoid confusion with the *Club des Cent Kilos*, and the unfortunate *Sans-Club* found itself sans name, sans guide, sans everything. Its guide has reappeared as the *Guide des Auberges de France*, a gossipy sort of guide with culinary standards roughly midway between those of the *Routiers* and *Kléber-Colombes*. It sells about thirty thousand copies.

MICHELIN'S only perceptible reaction to this competition is to pay increasing attention to the opinions and recommendations of their readers. In 1958 the editors received fifteen thousand letters: a dozen or so from would-be inspectors, a dozen from lunatics and jokers, the remainder submitting tens of thousands of detailed reports on hotels and restaurants. Surprisingly, British and American tourists—possibly because they are more accustomed than the French to writing letters to the editor—contributed a sixth of these. Although they paid more attention than French correspondents to questions relating to comfort and sanitation, they also displayed a knowledgeable interest in cookery and wines.

All such letters are carefully analyzed and taken into consideration, one is informed, when the next edition of the Guide is being prepared. But the seven anonymous inspectors rightly have the last word. These are precincts from which the beery breath of democracy must inevitably be excluded.

DANCE

The Bolshoi's Splendid Isolation

FRED GRUNFELD

WHEN PRINCESS AURORA pricked her finger on a spindle, she and her entire court fell asleep for a hundred years. At long last an intrepid prince fought his way through the brambles and implanted the kiss that awoke Aurora and her people. The wedding followed in due course, but history does not record the prince's reaction to finding himself suddenly confronted by a courtful of in-laws whose ideas on dress and table manners belonged to an earlier century.

In many matters of style the Bolshoi Ballet resembles its classic heroine, the Sleeping Beauty. Since the end of the last century it has slumbered in magnificent isolation while the rest of the ballet world,

furiously spinning on its axis, has developed a whole new set of dance values. In France the Diaghilev era came and went, but echoes from Paris and Monte Carlo never reached Moscow. Cubism and symbolism and constructivism and Freud made their appearance on western ballet stages; the Bolshoi dreamed on as before, in dreams that told stories.

The awakening kiss has not yet been administered to the Bolshoi (for "prince" in this balletic parable, I hope you haven't read "S. Hurok"). Meanwhile the company carries on with its Victorian traditions—and the disconcerting thing is that it probably hasn't missed very much during its years of withdrawal. A little backwardness may sometimes be a blessing in disguise.

Even in its new and revised productions the Bolshoi today remains the principal custodian of certain solid, old-fashioned virtues that have largely disappeared elsewhere. The current version of "Swan Lake" is a case in point. Contrary to what one might expect, it does not adhere to the familiar choreography of Ivanov and Petipa. Most of the miming has gone by the board, in spite of the fact that Russian dancers are superb mimes. A melodramatic happy ending replaces the tragic denouement of the original. ("We do not like to have evil triumph over good," explained the director-general, Georgi Orvid, in answer to my question about the change.) Thus trimmed and simplified—not to say streamlined—"Swan Lake" provides an ample frame for displays of breath-taking solo virtuosity and ensemble maneuvers. Every element falls naturally into place as the ballet unfolds and the evil wizard gets his comeuppance; any ten-year-old can follow the story line, even without the aid of a synopsis. The most impressive aspect of this production is its air of classic restraint and supreme discipline. The soloists never allow themselves the luxury of turning their big moments into circus acrobatics. Technique, the sore thumb of so much English and American ballet, rarely sticks out and obscures the view. It almost goes without saying that no company ever seen in New York has had so many first-rate dancers with which to fill every role, and that the Bolshoi ballet school—where students exercise for years before being allowed to wear toe shoes—graduates a peerless *corps de ballet*.

If the sets look dun-colored and the lighting rudimentary, such shortcomings only heighten the atmosphere of romantic period pieces like "Swan Lake." The Bolshoi's somno-

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lence makes itself felt more acutedly in areas where stagecraft is called for, where the dancers cannot shoulder the entire responsibility for the success of the evening. "Romeo and Juliet," the formidable Prokofiev ballet that opened the Bolshoi's engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, labors under a ton of scenery and props reminiscent of the old Bayreuth in the heyday of *Kitsch*. Juliet's bed, a mammoth oak-and-gold affair, looks as though it were built to withstand a siege, and the set designers have dotted every "i" and crossed every "t."

The dancers fight an uphill battle against this antiquated machinery but emerge victorious—I can think of no greater tribute to Leonid Lavrovsky, the choreographer. Prokofiev's contribution also plays a decisive role, for "Romeo and Juliet" is one of the great dance scores of the twentieth century, ranking with Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" and Stravinsky's "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" (none of which is performed in the Soviet Union). On opening night in New York, the incomparable Ulanova danced the part of Juliet—danced and acted it like a girl of eighteen with forty years' experience. Around her, in fabulous leaps and bounds, Lavrovsky has created a supremely masculine ballet. Although he takes his Shakespeare literally—to the extent of elaborate head clutching in the pantomime episodes—Lavrovsky interprets the play less as the story of a great passion than as a tale of innocence overwhelmed by violence and power politics. And when the ancient grudge flares up in the orchestra, Capulets and Montagues clash in a brilliant street battle that sends the sparks flying.

I would hate to make a point-by-point comparison of this glorious brawl with its closest American equivalent, a ballet sequence in a recent Broadway musical. The Bolshoi dancers, hewing to their outmoded line of realism, project all of the tensile strength, the swaggering bravado of real men spoiling for a real fight. The American dancers, ostensibly engaged in a murderous skirmish, make a curiously vapid impression: could anyone possibly get hurt in this prancing horseplay by graceful chorus boys?

Much can be said, after all, for a company that has managed to escape (and as a matter of policy, deliberately excludes) the neurotic influences that have afflicted the ballet ever since its westward migration under Serge Diaghilev. The Bolshoi's presence in the United States points up one of our major weaknesses, the fuss and feathers that polite reviewers are usually reluctant to mention. The English critic Cecil Gray met the problem head-on some years ago when he pointed out that "Despite the very considerable artistic merits of his productions and his undoubted flair for selecting the finest contemporary talents to serve his artistic purposes, one need have no hesitation now in saying that the influence which Diaghilev and his organization have had on art in this country has been wholly disastrous—first, in its direct influence on creative art; secondly, by confirming in the mind of the British public their already ingrained belief in the fundamental relationship between art and homosexuality."

Our native ballet has inherited its own goodly share of this unfortunate legacy, and though several outstanding dancers and choreographers have tried to steer a new course, exoticism is solidly entrenched in the ballet world. We might have no cause for complaint if this were not such a sterile influence. "The problem is a difficult one," Gray decided. "Homosexuality is nearly always indicative of an advanced level of intelligence and artistic sensibility . . . but they are seldom, if ever, creative artists of any stature or significance, belonging rather to the category of aesthetes —persons of sensibility and understanding, receptive rather than productive."

The Bolshoi, in its isolation, has slept through the mauve era of ballet. It has also passed through its "proletarian" period, when all the good guys were collectivists and heroes of the Five-Year Plan. Now the technique remains—the sinuous fiber of an ancient and aristocratic art. If a fresh, unfettered imagination could find its way through the underbrush, Princess Aurora would surely prove responsive. And she could live happily, if not ever after, at least until the next balletic revolution.

MOVIES

Girl Trouble

JAY JACOBS

ALTHOUGH they are not likely to be enshrined as glories of their respective nations' letters, H. E. Bates and Georges Simenon are a couple of writers of whom I've lately grown quite fond, and with whose work I've been copiously dosing myself. By sheer coincidence and with no malice aforethought, I happened, within the space of a recent week, to read Mr. Bates's *The Darling Buds of May* and M. Simenon's *En Cas de Malheur*, both of which have now been converted, with somewhat indifferent success, into films.

Mr. Bates has some fine short stories to his credit, but his novels come perilously close to being pure trash. (Their quality is neatly summed up in a recent film when a young lady singularly devoid of intellectual proclivities says, "I wanted the new Bates, but there's a waiting list.") About the only thing that makes them worth reading is the fact that Mr. Bates is one of the sweetest singers of the English countryside since the days of Edmund Spenser. It was a bit unsettling, therefore, to find that the new film *The Mating Game* has hauled Mr. Bates's story out of the Sceptered Isle, as though it were a case of Lamplighter gin, and dumped it somewhere in the lush, horsy section of Maryland.

That story, such as it is, concerns an incredibly euphoric junk trader, his naïvely hedonistic family—including, of coursge, an eminently nubile daughter who, in the book, much to her parents' delight, is already with child—and the shambles they all make of an official investigation when Tony Randall, as a prudish but eligible young agent from the Bureau of Internal Revenue (they had been blissfully unaware of its existence) arrives on the scene. While *The Mating Game* hasn't departed drastically from the letter of Mr. Bates's tale of a junk-strewn

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Earthly Paradise, much of its earthy, untrammeled spirit has been dissipated in a curious sort of Howard Johnsonization.

M. Simenon, a regular one-man Book-of-the-Month Club who manages to keep a volume or two ahead of his regiment of translators and army of readers, is, like Mr. Bates, essentially a rather trashy novelist whose "serious" books (as opposed to his detective stories) are made bearable by a measure of psychological insight and a real talent for the evocation of a particular place and its atmosphere. While his book has not suffered the sea change undergone by Mr. Bates's, it has been transformed, in the French movie *Love Is My Profession,* from an exploration of the interior of an obsessive mind to a purely external view of a more or less humdrum little affair involving a distinguished middle-aged lawyer and a young streetwalker.

THE CURIOUS THING about these two films is that each of the female leads seems somehow to have wound up with a part far better suited to the other. Mr. Bates's heroine—like all his women, whom he seems incapable of describing in anything but fertility images—is a full-bodied, sun-ripened wench who, to put it crudely, is simply a machine for the perpetuation of her kind. M. Simenon's is an underdeveloped little chit not too far removed from Nabokov's Lolita. Leaving aside the question of acting ability (which seems not to have entered the heads of either film's producers anyway), and considering both roles simply as type-casting problems, Brigitte Bardot would seem a natural (with dubbed-in English) for Mr. Bates's Mariette Larkin, while Debbie Reynolds is about the only known actress over the age of eight physically qualified to play M. Simenon's Yvette Maudet.

In their inscrutable wisdom, the producers of *The Mating Game* (MGM) have seen fit to cast Miss Reynolds, a sort of female Huckleberry Finn, as the embodiment of fecundity, while the geniuses in charge of *Love Is My Profession* (a Kingsley International release) have chosen Mlle. Bardot, who plays herself as convincingly as ever, to impersonate a ragged, undernourished little child of the evening.

UNITED ARTISTS, happily, have seen fit to distribute Francis Thompson's strikingly original, lyrically beautiful, and highly amusing short film *N.Y., N.Y.* This picture (shown originally at the Museum of Modern Art and subsequently awarded a bronze medal at the International Experimental Film Competition in Brussels last year) is a rather expressionistic summary of a typical working day in the life of New York City. It can be seen in many theaters around the country and shouldn't be missed by anyone interested in seeing what can be done with a motion-picture camera when a truly inspired artist gets hold of one.

Mr. Thompson is a former painter who, I'm told, spent a good part of more than six years working on *N.Y., N.Y.* I can see no reason to doubt this figure. He has obviously labored prodigiously to blend a raft of diversified and highly recalcitrant elements into a unified whole.

Although the film employs what must, I suppose, be called "trick" photography throughout, trickiness is never used indulgently, and one has almost no sensation while viewing it of anything but a vastly clarified, enormously heightened impression of what one normally experiences. There are certain affinities apparent in the film between it and various schools of painting, ranging from the Sung landscapists to the post-Cubists, but in no case has Mr. Thompson been guilty of mere imitation for its own sake, or of compromising the stringent demands of the medium he has chosen.

Since much of *N. Y., N. Y.* consists of visual effects utterly new, as far as I am aware, to the screen, it would be pointless—and probably prejudicial—to try to describe them. All this, I'm afraid, may tend to convey the impression that the film is simply an esoteric exercise in preciosity that should be confined, in the best interests of all concerned, to those theaters that serve *caffé espresso* in lieu of popcorn. This, happily, is not at all the case. When a startled pigeon flaps off the cornice of a building floating freely in space, an invisibly corseted automobile swallows itself, or a bus seems to ride over its own surface, you are getting humor a lot fresher than anything to be found in the more commercial movies.

ART

The Eye of the Beholder

HILTON KRAMER

ABSTRACT PAINTING is now so popular in this country that an entire generation has come of age wondering what the "other kind" is all about. Modern aesthetic pedagogy has been relentless in this respect: any day of the week you can see a group of schoolboys being lectured to at the Metropolitan Museum, and they are all having it drilled into them that real painting has no subjects. No wonder it is such a great relief to them—and to their harried teachers—when they get to the contemporary gallery where the giant Jackson Pollock hangs and the whole point is finally and unmistakably "clear."

Even so, the youngsters have a better time of it than their mothers. I remember a group of stylish ladies listening to an attractive lecturer at the Guggenheim Museum a few years ago as she tirelessly expounded the aesthetic merits of Henri Rousseau's "Artillerymen," a picture of considerable charm, humor, and pictorial grace. This eloquent speaker was imploring the ladies to look at this painting—which depicts thirteen artillerymen and their commanding officer posing with their cannon and small arms, rather like figures in a nineteenth-century class photograph—purely in terms of its abstract shapes and subtle composition. And

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how the ladies tried to respond, no doubt embarrassed at their susceptibility to the nostalgic charms of the picture and its quiet, unconscious wit, yet determined to see the pure configuration of black and white shapes in a green space which was being outlined to them in the most serious accents.

I've often thought of those ladies slinking back to Great Neck and Scarsdale on the evening train, feeling guilty and confused at their incapacity to "see" what others saw with such apparent ease, and promising themselves to do better next time. We can be pretty sure that when they were finally "graduated" in this pursuit, they had developed a special affection for the works of Mondrian and Kandinsky, where the intention is so beautifully unequivocal, and were already feeling a certain contempt for Raphael and Franz Hals—not to mention poor old Rousseau. It is this contempt, never openly avowed but systematically instilled, which the youngsters get as their aesthetic ABC.

THE PECULIAR SORT of blindness that modern pedagogy induces is rather disheartening at times, but it is no tragedy. Quite the contrary. It is one of the genuine comedies of our cultural life, which is so terribly lacking in comedy. I have been particularly struck by the comic side of this question in noting the absolutely dead-pan response that has greeted the big retrospective exhibition of the Spanish painter Joan Miró at the Museum of Modern Art this spring. Miró is one of the great comic talents of our time, an artist much closer in sensibility to Harpo Marx and E. E. Cummings than, say, to Cézanne or Van Gogh. He is a surrealist and, as modern painters go, rather literary in his approach to visual art, indulging a robust taste for wacky symbols, incongruous puns, iconographic jokes, and grotesque farce. He has one obsessive subject—eroticism—which his surrealist bias has encouraged him to elevate to a metaphysical status without depriving it in the least of its more farcical elements. In fact, it was surrealism, which elsewhere produced so much that was cheap and academic, that granted Miró just the freedom he needed to break with modern notions of pure plasticism and create a style more amenable to the highly impure interests of his own imagination.

As visual art, Miró's painting is not at all what one would call painterly. It quite lacks the nuances of touch and taste, of classical order and analytic logic, that are always the distinguishing characteristics of French style in painting—or in any other French art. At his best Miró is a comic fantasist, highly sophisticated and yet primitive in his fundamental concerns. His vision combines the folk grotesqueries of his native Catalonia with the shrewd symbolmongering of the Parisian surrealist poets. Overriding the sophistication and the primitivism is the sheer comic stride. It is as if the Marx Brothers had undertaken to make a movie version of Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* on location in Catalonia.

My impression is that this comic side of Miró did not, and could not, gain its effect with the kind of public that now attends the big art exhibitions in New York with such hopeful and dedicated interest. True, on one occasion I did catch sight of a young man laughing in front of a picture called "A Ballet Dancer Listening to Organ Music in a Gothic Cathedral," but this kind of response was precisely the exception that proved the rule. Other spectators entering the gallery clearly regarded his levity as an affront to Art, and looked around nervously for the guard. Who could blame them? They have had it hammered home thoroughly, and often at considerable expense to themselves, that art is a serious business and that Americans in particular do not take it seriously enough.

NO DOUBT this is all part of the general decline of the comic spirit, which has lately been much remarked in literary and theatrical circles. More specifically in regard to the visual arts, one cannot help noting that it represents in extreme form the triumph of an idea over the sensibility. It has not been sufficiently realized, I think, that the degree to which we are actually able to *see* a work of art is governed far more by the ideas we bring to it than by the sheer capacity for vision which should, by definition, be the sufficient means for apprehending visual images. Of course, the irony is that the purist philosophy that now governs our response to art came to birth in the interest of putting us as fully in touch with the expressive content of modern painting as possible, and thus overcoming the old literary method of "reading" pictures or merely daydreaming in their presence. But, like many other philosophies of our time that began with a liberating intention, it has now congealed into a dogma that acts as an obstacle to experience.

This dogma produces rather less amusing effects where an understanding of new art is at stake. I am thinking particularly of some recent efforts by younger artists to reclaim for painting some of its former prerogatives as an image-making art. These painters constitute nothing like a movement. They scarcely know each other, and probably don't care much for each other's work. Yet they are united by the fact that in vastly different ways they are all engaged in resuscitating a sense of imagery in painting that lies beyond the purely formalistic limits that have governed American painting in recent years.

Miró himself remarked in an interview last fall that "Art has closed and sealed too many doors in recent years. Now nobody has the courage to open any of them again." And he added: "Most artists are afraid, if they should ever revert to figurative work, for instance, of being accused of having become reactionaries."

Well, there *are* artists with the courage, and they are going about their tasks in their own ways and without too much concern for the epithets that will follow. It is, rather, the peculiar blindness of modern aesthetic dogma that keeps the doors closed and sealed so far as the public is concerned. I doubt if this situation will change suddenly or in the near future, but eventually it must. When it does, the multitudes who now find contemporary painting so engaging in its nothingness are going to be startled to find that it has meanings they scarcely suspected. The laughter of that young man on seeing Miró's "Ballet Dancer" is, I like to think, the voice of things to come.

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BOOKS

Where Past and Future Meet

STEVEN MARCUS

THE HARMLESS PEOPLE, by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. *Knopf. $4.75.*

The land below our camp was in utter desolation, startling and ruined, a desert of ash. We found only the orange sand and black ashes still in the shape of the grass blades that made them . . . but black, in powder, disintegrating into dust when the wind touched them. All around us lay the smoldering great carcasses of fallen trees, some with the leaves on the top still green, that were filling the air with the smell of their wood burning. The ground was still warm to walk on, but all the bushes, all the little succulents, all the vines that marked the water roots were gone; no snake or lizard or animal was there, all were burned or had gone; we saw only animal tracks half filled with ashes, and a few birds come to eat dead insects.

THIS IS NOT a fantasy of what some part of the earth will look like after the atomic dust begins to clear. It is a description of an everyday occurrence, a veld fire in the Kalahari Desert of South-West Africa and Bechuanaland, the home of the Bushmen, who are the subject of Mrs. Thomas's book. With her anthropologist father, her mother and brother, this young American writer has made three expeditions into the Kalahari to film and study the life and customs of its very primitive people, and her book is as remarkable as it is well written.

Along with the Hottentots, the Bushmen are "the earliest human inhabitants still living in Southern Africa." There are between thirty and fifty thousand of them, mainly in the desert in scattered little families, though Bantu and white farmers from outlying areas descend upon the Bushmen regularly and kidnap numbers of them into serfdom. The Bushmen do not know how to smelt or forge iron; they have no crops and no domesticated animals, not even dogs; they live by digging roots and picking berries, and by incessant hunting, at which they seem rather infrequently to succeed. They have no permanent homes, but wander about the desert in search of food and water. When they do stop for a few nights they either build themselves tiny and almost invisible grass shelters or dig shallow holes that they line with grass to make a sort of nest; sometimes they simply lie down on the ground and sleep. They spend all of their lives trying to extort a bare subsistence from a nature which it would be a flagrant understatement to call unfriendly.

The Bushmen are destitute of almost all technology—they barely have clothes—and they are permanently at the mercy of the rapidly shifting extremes of the desert climate, as they are also at the mercy of all the smaller and subtler cruelties of nature. Their only resources in conditions of distress are spiritual —or are they animal? For this is just the kind of question that a people like the Bushmen bring to mind. When they are cold or hungry or in great pain, they simply endure, waiting for the adversity to pass or for death. When they are surprised or frightened they run away, take cover in the grass, and are as difficult to find as small animals. The only facts of which they are certain is that almost anything moving is capable of injuring them, and that though they are part of nature, they possess a meager share of its power.

Yet if they often seem so little raised from the state of things around them, they are quite human enough to be pressed by their sufferings to certain extremes not to be found among the beasts. "They do not recognize as their own people strange Bushmen who speak the same language; in fact, they suspect and fear them as they do any stranger." It appears that a condition of radical primitivism and deprivation produces a response in men that remarkably approximates the most radical modern imaginations of them: only in the apocalyptic fantasies of our own age—in Kafka, say, or in *1984*—has it been proposed that men could be as terrified of and estranged from each other as the Bushmen literally are.

I MAKE THESE REMARKS by way of suggesting that Mrs. Thomas, like all gifted writers about travel or exploration, communicates through her intense involvement with a people and a country utterly remote from her own a whole constellation of attitudes about the world from which she comes. Mrs. Thomas's Bushmen—like Melville's Polynesians or Peary's Eskimos or T. E. Lawrence's Arabs—reflect their author's moral and social predispositions. They are Bushmen of the twentieth century.

The correspondence that Mrs. Thomas seems implicitly to establish between the world of the Bushmen and our modern one is that like us the Bushmen live with an almost perpetual consciousness of the possibility of extermination. To them life is a relentless, unvarying crisis of survival. Their single provision for dealing with any threat to their safety, or demand made upon their wills, is to be passive and submissive. "They would much rather run, hide, and wait until a menace has passed

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than to defend themselves forcefully, quite unlike the Bantus. . . ." The Bushmen have no conception of bravery or honor; the "heroes of their legends are always little jackals who trick, lie, and narrowly escape, rather than larger, bolder animals such as lions. . . ." They inhabit a universe so unrelieved in its menace that their overmastering impulse is "to be left in peace," and they will suffer any apparent indignity rather than resist. Indeed, when they cannot withdraw from the inexplicable or dangerous, they will resort to a curious mechanism of denial. Although Mrs. Thomas and her family were living among the Bushmen and the Bushmen seemed intermittently to allow that this was so, "life went on as if we weren't there." The Bushmen would occasionally walk through the outsiders' camp, or step over them if they happened to be seated in their way, as if the white people didn't exist or were at most phantoms, spirits from some other world, who would eventually vanish. Oddly enough, they were also unable to distinguish at sight the difference between men and women who weren't Bushmen.

The Bushmen do not even fight among themselves. They do not because they have only one weapon, their own "ultimate" one, an "arrow poison for which there is no antidote." As a result, Bushmen will go to almost any lengths to avoid a quarrel: they never compete with each other, not even in games; they are terrified of being envied, and so all their property is in a constant state of circulation and redistribution; "their hold on life is too tenuous" to permit them to do anything except forestall resentment and aggressiveness by removing their causes, and if by chance someone does become envious and indignant (and despite a multitude of precautions it happens all the time), the Bushmen will do nearly anything to appease or pacify him.

This placability, though it helps to secure the survival of the Bushmen, doesn't seem to do much more. They are not a particularly gay people; in fact, Mrs. Thomas appears to be most affected by their sadness and wistfulness, their stoicism and fatalism, their complete unquestioning acceptance of a terrible course of life to which there are no alternative possibilities. Their single unfailing source of joy seems to be their children; and since the Bushmen have no society beyond the small immediate family—running at most to

about twenty people—their image of life inclines rather grotesquely to resemble that of the modern suburbanite, whose chief consolation after a murderous day on Madison Avenue is to return to that little isolated nest he has made for himself, his little "world" of a family, in Westport or Darien.

I DO NOT THINK that these analogies between the Bushmen and ourselves which Mrs. Thomas's book brings persistently to mind tend in the least to falsification or detract from the value of her work. Primitive people are, in a sense, like the great literature of the past; each age finds in them a focus for its own problems of existence. Indeed, I would even suggest that the better books of this sort—and Mrs. Thomas's is certainly one of them—are just those which are committed to a definite personal perspective, which do not strive for an impossible objectivity or detachment, and which avoid the wispy abstractions of so much modern anthropological writing. Mrs. Thomas's Bushmen are very much alive; her own aliveness to modern society, and even her prejudices about it, have made them so.

Lost Certainties

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DARWIN AND THE DARWINIAN REVOLUTION, **by Gertrude Himmelfarb. *Doubleday. $5.95.***

The battle that raged around *The Origin of Species* was fierce but brief, and the triumph of the author as decisive as that of his theory. If no thinker (not even Copernicus) more profoundly affected man's view of his universe, none has ever been more widely accepted as science's Representative Man. Darwinism may have been extensively revised, but a century after its proclamation the slightest reservations concerning its present form are still usually made with a care to avoid any fundamental disagreement, with the caution, almost, of a Catholic theologian discussing St. Thomas.

Of the various books and articles the centenary has occasioned, none is more inclusive than Miss Himmelfarb's, which examines in more than four hundred well-documented pages almost every aspect of its subject: the life and personality of Darwin himself, the background and development of his work, contemporary reaction to it, the legitimate and illegitimate implications that have been drawn, and, finally though somewhat briefly, its standing today. Miss Himmelfarb is neither a hero worshiper nor a debunker. If she has a fault it is an objectivity almost too complete, and if she has a limitation it is to treat rather sketchily the more technical aspects of biology.

TO WHAT EXTENT, then, does she tend to modify the well-established legend? Darwin the man remains the same unpromising youth, the same patient modest man he has always appeared—though he was, despite his well-known generosity toward Alfred Russel Wallace, strangely unaware of or unwilling to admit the influence of previous propounders of evolutionary theories and in one instance (pointed out by Loren Eiseley in an article too recent to have been used in this book) so

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strangely silent on the subject of one Edward Blyth as to hint a positive disingenuousness. As to the degree of originality in the theory itself, Samuel Butler's jibe "Buffon planted, Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck watered, but it was Mr. Darwin who said 'That fruit is ripe' and shook it into his lap" is shown to be perhaps somewhat less unjust than it has usually been taken to be.

No one, to be sure, ever denied that the idea of evolution was in the air or that Darwin's contribution was an accumulation of observed facts plus the theory of natural selection as a method. But it has not always been appreciated just how widely current the concept of evolution was or how many thinkers besides Malthus might have suggested natural selection as a mechanism. On the one hand, for example, Robert Chambers had said, fifteen years before the *Origin*, in his widely read *Vestiges of Creation*, "The progress of organic life upon our earth, is that the simplest most primitive type . . . gave birth to the type next above it, that this again produced the next higher . . . the stages being in all cases very small." On the other hand, seven years before the *Origin* was published, Herbert Spencer used the phrase "survival of the fittest," which, I confess, I had always assumed to have been suggested to him by Darwin. Miss Himmelfarb seems, then, fully justified in concluding that what Darwin's contemporaries experienced was "not the shock of discovery but the shock of recognition." Or, to put it less elegantly, the realization that the fat was, as they had long been fearing it would be, in the fire at last. No one who knew the young Darwin would ever have expected him to be a great catalyst, but that is precisely what he was.

To such considerations the usual reply has been that no evolutionist before Darwin had been more than a mere speculator because none had either collected substantial evidence or supported his speculations with a tenable theory of the "how." Yet the fact remains that Darwin was able to convince both himself and others that his theory was tenable only by calling to its support three assumptions now completely exploded: (1) that acquired characteristics are inherited—a heresy even the most unorthodox would hesitate to advance today; (2) that "sexual selection," now almost as thoroughly discredited, played an important role; and (3) that the variations later selected for survival were supplied by an innate tendency of all organisms to slight variation—instead, as modern biologists believe, by the relatively large "mutations" of whose existence Darwin took no account.

In view of these facts, one is tempted to overstate the case by saying that Darwinism as first propounded was unoriginal in what it attempted to prove and erroneous in the assumptions upon which the proof rests; that Darwin revolutionized man's thinking by propounding a familiar but untenable theory. The indisputable fact which nevertheless remains is that he *did* revolutionize it, or as Miss Himmelfarb puts it, "Darwin's most disgruntled critics could not deny the magnitude—enormity, they might have said—of his achievement. They might doubt the originality of his theory and deny its truth, but they had to concede that somehow it was revolutionary in its effect."

That Marx wished to dedicate *Das Kapital* to Darwin is merely one indication of the extent to which the revolution had a bearing upon almost every department of thought. Men may have long and increasingly suspected that man was an animal, that the universe was a self-governing machine, that nature had no purpose, that every so-called mystery was susceptible of rational explanation, that the peculiar human concern with ethics had no backing outside man, and that any kind of

theism was merely supererogatory. But those who rejected as well as those who accepted the Darwinian theory were convinced that its effect was solidly to confirm this suspicion.

So far as the limited subject of biology is concerned, the radical revision to which Darwinism has been subjected does not change the fact that it was, indeed, a master key that opened a hundred doors; and even if those biologists who are beginning to question whether natural selection itself is an all-sufficient explanation of evolution are right, Darwin's theory nevertheless was a working hypothesis that proved of enormous value. So far as the wider implications outside the field of biology are concerned it is, however, time we were reminded that if Darwin converted the world on the basis of premises and arguments now recognized as erroneous or inadequate, the mere fact that Neo-Darwinism has kept the world convinced is no reason for confidence that even Neo-Darwinism is actually adequate.

One might take up each of the wider implications and ask how surely each is justifiable. Is nature as blindly mechanical as Neo-Darwinism assumes? Is it certain that some sort of immanent intelligence and purpose has not been operative? Is "the struggle for survival" the only effective force? Are the terms "higher" and "lower" as meaningless biologically as Darwin himself insisted?

Such questions as these are now raised and more boldly, I think, than for a time they were. Even more fundamental, so it seems to me, is a question that concerns the broadest of all the implications and consequences of the triumph of Darwinism: namely its tendency to make history and the investigation of origins almost the only useful or legitimate approach to the understanding of any subject. Whether we discuss man as a biological organism, the aims and premises of civilization, or the meaning of moral or aesthetic judgments, we ask "How did they first appear?" and "What has been their evolution?" We hesitate to ask instead "What is their meaning?" or "To what extent are they valid?" because we are such thoroughgoing evolutionists that we find it difficult to conceive of any meaning or validity apart from origin and development. It is because we do so that the stultifying doctrines of the cultural and moral relativist have prevailed and left us ashamed of all the value judgments we must make, though we cannot see how they can be more

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than the "prejudices of our culture." Yet there is nothing we need more desperately than some sort of answer to the question "What is man?" rather than merely "Where does he come from and how did he get here?"

In *Persephone,* one of the most petulant and least informed of his works, John Ruskin undertook to correct the botanists who said that the purpose of a flower was the production of seed. The truth is, he insisted, the other way around. The purpose of a seed is to produce a flower. Biologically this is, of course, nonsense. But is it also nonsense from a human point of view? If nature has no purpose except survival, is it equally true that man has none either? He at least can and does make the purpose of seeds the production of flowers. Is not this fact as natural, as real, and as significant as any other? Insofar as Darwinism encouraged a negative answer, its consequences have been as disastrous as Darwin's Victorian antagonists said they would be. «»

Tough-Minded Mr. Roth

ALFRED KAZIN

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS, by Philip Roth. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.*

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO I was awakened, while reading the *New Yorker,* by Philip Roth's "Defender of the Faith," a story with such extraordinary guts to it that I went around for days exhilarated by the change in the literary weather. Mr. Roth's story described the agonizing moment of decision in the life of Sergeant Nathan Marx, a combat veteran sent back to the States in 1945 to train troops. Sergeant Marx found himself being cajoled into obtaining special favors for three Jewish recruits until, lied to once too often, he punished the ringleader with deliberate harshness. The story ended with a picture of troops preparing to go off to the Pacific, "trying as best they could to accept their fate. Behind me, Grossbart swallowed hard, accepting his. And then, resisting with all my will an impulse to turn and seek pardon for my vindictiveness, I accepted my own."

It was this conscious acceptance that particularly interested me in the story, for the narrator, reluctantly exploited by Jewish fellow feeling throughout most of the action, rose to an unusual level of moral complexity in affirming his own deliberate hardening of heart. In punishing the soldier so severely, Sergeant Marx was affirming his own—not altogether admirable but candidly mature—acceptance of his own raw human limitations, and the reader was left with a deepened sense of the necessary and painful decisions on which life rests.

This is a note that Jews, in writing about other Jews, do not often strike; the appeal to raw human nature, to the individual in his human complexity and loneliness as a mere human creature, is less common than the grand collective themes of Jewish life, of Jewish solidarity in the face of oppression. Even the most gifted and profound writers among Jews tend to describe love and hate, misery and savagery, as if they were merely symbols of the depth and range of Jewish experience. The unusual thing, Mr. Roth's achievement, is to locate the bruised and angry and unassimilated self—the Jew as individual, not the individual as Jew—beneath the canopy of Jewishness. I admired Mr. Roth's story because he had caught perfectly the drama of personal integrity in the face of group pressures that is so typical of American literature, and I was not surprised to learn that Mr. Roth's story had aroused the darkest displeasure among some readers of the *New Yorker* and that he had been called in and worried over by at least one professional Jewish organization.

YET IN TURNING to this collection of his stories, I can see that Mr. Roth's favorite theme is not the anarchical self struggling with its natural loyalties—which might be the story of George F. Babbitt—but romantic and credulous youth defeated in love by a brutally materialistic society, like Fitzgerald's Gatsby. The long, hilarious, but sharp-edged title story tells of a poor Jewish boy from Newark who fell in love with a rich Jewish girl from Short Hills, and lost her. It is so much the story of the boy's romantic infatuation versus the girl's bourgeois calculatingness that no reader should be fooled by Roth's Jewish material into thinking that he is interested exclusively in its local color. The story is brilliant, and in a culture like ours the symbols are national. Neil Klugman, the poor boy from Newark, works in the public library; his parents are nobodies, and the aunt with whom he lives is a gross Yiddish immigrant. He falls in love, rapturously, with Brenda Patimkin, who goes to Radcliffe, whose father can spend a thousand dollars on each nose operation for his children, and whose brother Ronald, six feet four, once a football hero at Ohio State, is marrying Harriet Ehrlich of Milwaukee. Harriet was "a young lady singularly unconscious of a motive in others or herself. All was surfaces, and she seemed a perfect match for Ron, and too for the Patimkins . . . she nodded her head insistently whenever anyone spoke. Sometimes she would even say the last few words of your sentence with you, though that was infrequent; for the most part she nodded and kept her hands folded. All evening, as the Patimkins planned where the newlyweds should live, what furniture they should buy, how soon they should have a baby—all through this I kept thinking that Harriet was wearing white gloves, but she wasn't."

The tone of voice in which Neil Klugman describes the Patimkin family seems perfect to me. He is rapturous as well as satirical, aloof but envious of their grossness, constantly amazed by their height, their girth, their appetites, their profusion. Ron Patimkin, lying in bed rapturously listening to a record of the football crowd at Ohio State saying good-by to the town and the college years, "goodbye, Columbus," is the thickest, dumbest, solidest, most amiable American football hero yet; Neil, watching him swim, "looked back to see Ron taking the length in

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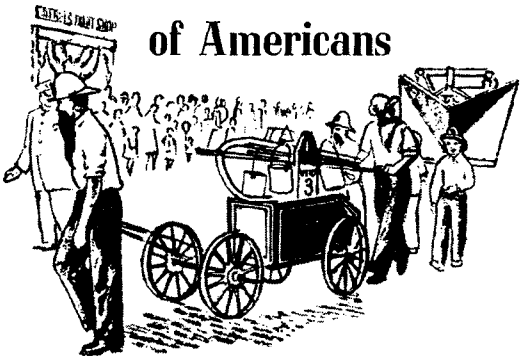
sleek, immense strokes. He gave one the feeling that after swimming the length of the pool a half dozen times he would have earned the right to drink its contents."

THAT TONE is Mr. Roth's particular achievement. He is acidulous, unsparing, tender, yet more than anything else he is *young*, he sees life with a fresh and funny eye; in the midst of the tense romance between poor boy and rich girl, one catches lampoonings of our swollen and unreal American prosperity that are as observant and charming as Fitzgerald's description of a Long Island dinner party in 1925. Boy and girl are physically unrestrained with each other, yet when they talk birth control they express a horror of Mary McCarthy's daring descriptions of fornication in *Partisan Review*, of old-fashioned moral defiance and Bohemian adventurism, that itself is funny in its wryness. Yet comic as "Goodbye, Columbus" is, hilarious as the rich, overstuffed, overbearing Patimkins are, it is made increasingly clear that the gap between poor Jewish boys and rich Jewish girls in modern American society can be final. Even before the romance crashes, the theme is pushed home in the protection that Neil Klugman extends to a little Negro boy who visits the Newark Public Library to look at a book of Gauguin reproductions, instead of taking it home, because "I *likes* to come here. I likes them stairs." There is a bond between the poor Jew and the little Negro boy that will never be felt between Neil and the Patimkins. When Brenda, perhaps unconsciously, allows her mother to discover that she has been sleeping with Neil so that the family itself can decisively end the romance, the betrayal is felt by Neil as a betrayal not only of his love but of his dignity as a human being who comes from the slums. He has gone up to Cambridge to see Brenda, and bitterly standing outside the beautiful Lamont Library after everything is finished, he feels like throwing a rock through the glass. Like Gatsby, he has not only been betrayed by the girl he loves, he has been made to feel that his origins alone are at fault. His humiliation is complete.

Yet brilliant as this story is, it is

A Study of the Symbolic Life of Americans



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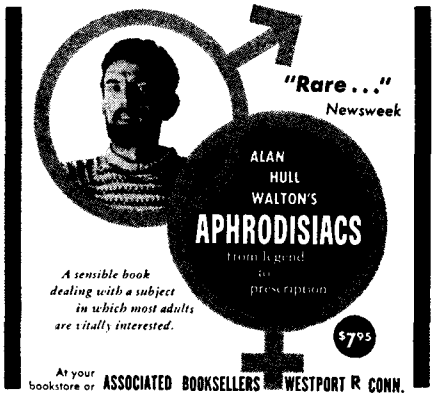
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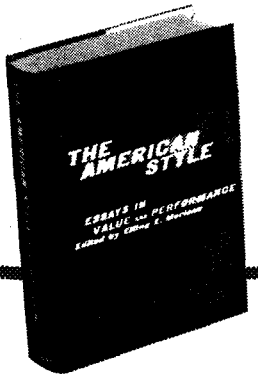

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not nearly as deep, as many-sided, as moving as *The Great Gatsby*. It is all a little too sharp-edged, too much in control, indeed all too much in the *New Yorker* mode. The best of the *New Yorker* story writers, like John Cheever, always make me feel that, keen as they are, there is a whole side to their observations of American society that is entirely fantastic, imaginative, almost visionary, and so belongs to themselves alone. Roth, though emphatically not tailored to the *New Yorker*, involuntarily fits it because of a certain excess of intellectual theme over the material. There are too many symbols of present-day society, too many quotable bright sayings; the stories tend too easily to make a point. I don't like "The Conversion of the Jews," the story of an independent little boy who, by threatening suicide, made his rabbi and his mother more tolerant of non-Jewish beliefs. The point—"You shouldn't hit me about God, Mamma. You should never hit anybody about God"—is altogether too clear; there really isn't a story apart from it. Something like this can be said about the last story, "Eli, the Fanatic." A group of prosperous young Jews in a suburb are embarrassed by an old-fashioned Talmudical school in their midst and, particularly by one of the teachers who walks about town in east European rabbinical dress. They commission a young Jewish lawyer to get these unwelcome foreigners out of town, or at least to make the uncouth stranger change to American clothes. But the lawyer, already mentally overdriven by the pressure to conform, is suddenly seized by a vision and, exchanging clothes with the teacher, walks about town in fur hat and caftan until he is locked up as a mental case.

THE STORY, though appreciable social commentary, adds up only to its theme; it is all too easily paraphrasable, and in its own way as shallow as the psychoanalytical clichés that Eli's wife is always throwing at him. I admire the edge and fierceness of Mr. Roth's mind, but his book leaves me worried about his future. For he has put so much of himself into being clear, decisive, straight, his stories are consciously so brave, that I worry whether he hasn't worked himself too neatly into a corner. He shows himself too anxious in each story not only to dramatize a conflict but also to make the issue of the conflict absolutely clear. He has intelligence and courage aplenty; what he needs is more of the creative writer's delight in life for its own sake, in figures that do not immediately signify a design.

The Village Round the Square

ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE IMPROPER BOHEMIANS: A RE-CREATION OF GREENWICH VILLAGE IN ITS HEYDAY, by Allen Churchill. Illustrated. *Dutton. $5.*

It may be, as Malcolm Cowley once said, that the American character is essentially so conservative that any Bohemia a sojourner seeks can never be more than "a stepping stone, a phase." Through the years, the most famous Bohemia in the United States, offering the greatest number of "isms" within arm's reach, has, of course, been Greenwich Village, that cosmopolitan way station for a good many men and women of talent, water hole for many more who are charlatans and poseurs, and refuge for others who are quite simply sick, sick, sick.

The trouble has been that, even with a score card, you couldn't always tell the players, partly because, like chameleons, they kept changing their colors with the shifting political, economic, artistic, and alcoholic weather. Still and all, even the guessing game was usually fun. Speaking of the twenties, which was the gaudiest and gayest time, Edmund Wilson once wrote: "In those days, in Greenwich Village, wherever you went to a party, there was always an impressive person who seemed so free from affectation that

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you took him for one of those distinguished artists who sometimes lived down there. He would sit in a corner and smoke with a homely or rugged assurance that seemed to mask treasures of subtlety and wit, and people would gather about him to hear his judgments on all sorts of subjects." It would be foolish to suppose that such specimens were only to be found south of Fourteenth Street, but there probably were and maybe still are (though the self-styled beatniks and the weirdniks appear to have taken over now) more of them down yonder than anywhere else.

Running the gamut from artists to zanies, Mr. Churchill has made them the subject of a highly readable, informed, well-balanced, nostalgic, and often funny book, embellished by some fine photographs and cartoons. His approach is not the intellectually critical one of a Cowley or a Wilson or a David Riesman, but is more akin to that of the late Frederick Lewis Allen, combining good reportage with enough gossipy, finger-pointing asides and opinions to leave one with a pretty good sense of what it was all about (when it was about anything more than sensation seeking); and if it makes the Village sound a little more important than it was most of the time—well, that was part of the charm and mystique.

As a "state of mind," especially in the decades between 1910 and 1930, the place got to be a lot bigger than Texas or California for a surprisingly large number of able artists and writers, the majority of whom lived cheaply and worked hard in an easy atmosphere they couldn't have duplicated anywhere else and still have had so much of each other. As Joseph Freeman, one of the tenderest and wisest of the onetime radicals, says, many young men and women gained a rich knowledge of the different parts of the United States from their dreamy talk as Village bed partners; and Floyd Dell speaks with bittersweet recollection of "the companionship of two artists who knew it might not last but hoped it would." Some things are happily permanent: twenty years later, Irwin Shaw, in one of his best early stories, and a Village one at that, wrote of "lust and conversation" being "the firm foundation of civilized relations between the sexes."

Mr. Churchill deals in some detail with a number of the Village's famous and infamous love affairs, including that between Jack Reed, the Village Golden Boy, and Mabel Dodge, the wealthy patroness of the best salon of the day ("I thought your fire was crimson," he told her, "but you burn blue in the dark"), and the matches and mismatches of Maxwell Bodenheim, which ended so tragically in murder; but he makes a solid effort, for the most part, to portray and interpret the region's serious contributions.

"From the perspective of nearly half a century," he writes, "it is possible to look back on Greenwich Village and conclude that its two main contributions to American culture are to be found in the *Masses* and in the Provincetown Players." The Village wouldn't be the Village if there weren't some to dispute this, but Mr. Churchill, a sometime Villager himself, makes out a pretty good case. He tells the exciting story of the *Masses* from the early days in 1912, when John and Dolly Sloan, the irreplaceable Art Young, Louis Untermeyer, Max Eastman, and Floyd Dell were its guiding spirits, and its politics gravitated between left- and right-wing Socialism, to its shoddy demise in different guise under the Communists. It's easy to forget that, at the outset, people like Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Adolph Lewisohn, and Amos Pinchot contributed money to keep what was surely one of the most provocative and powerful of magazines afloat, and that many of the finest writers and artists in America worked for it in an atmosphere of gay penury.

Some of the early *Masses* material is as funny today as when it was printed, including Art Young's famous cartoon in which an Irish laborer, returning home from a hard day's work, says, "Bigorry, I'm tired," and his stout wife turns on him, shouting, "You're tired! Here I be a standin' all day over a hot stove and you wurkin' in a nice cool sewer." Here, of course, is just that right combination of humor and social significance that was later lost—few Communists ever had any sense of humor. After relating the maga-

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zine's constant efforts to raise money, through such maneuvers as the famous Webster Hall masquerade balls, precursor of later pagan routs, Mr. Churchill concludes with a good account of the two big trials of *Masses* editors under the World War I Sedition Act. Both ended in hung juries, and among those who went free, but somehow "lost their squeal" for the magazine, in Tom Wolfe's later phrase, were Eastman and Reed, who had become a defendant while covering the Russian Revolution because of a single line ("Knit a straightjacket for your soldier boy!") he had written previously over a reprinted newspaper item on doughboys' nervous breakdowns.

Alongside the story of the *Masses,* and of accounts of various "little magazines" of the twenties and thirties (*Quill, Seven Arts, Broom,* etc.), and of those who ran them, all of which Mr. Churchill relates tastefully and sympathetically, the saga of the Provincetown Players seems in retrospect a bit pale; not because this group, under the pioneering if dictatorial leadership of George Cram ("Jig") Cook, an emigrant from Chicago, didn't do a lot of good—its introduction of Eugene O'Neill alone was enough—but possibly because, as Mr. Churchill suggests, no one except Cook considered the theater anything more than a part-time job. In this instance, at least, the Village today is riding higher than ever, and it would be worth pondering why the stage has become far more experimental and creative an art form than the printed word.

Mr. Churchill has followed a chronological course in telling his tale, starting off with the gay-serious days before the First World War, concentrating at some length on the madcap twenties and the Prohibition era specifically, and then dwelling on the sober-serious "political" thirties and forties. He has made some mention of just about everything of interest, from food to fads to frolics of all kinds, including efforts to establish an independent Republic of Washington Square. The men and women worth remembering—such as the burly poet Harry Kemp; Henrietta Rodman, the first important militant female; Edna St. Vincent Millay; Barney Gallant, O'Neill's roommate and later the first speakeasy operator; Lincoln Steffens, Jo Davidson, Walter Lippmann, and others who were at Mabel Dodge's salon; Joe Gould—all stand out in proper perspective alongside the sensation seekers and the plain nuts. And as a raconteur, whether of stories true or apocryphal (the line between gets narrower as the years march on), Mr. Churchill also does well. He ends with a brief and rather sad, though I'm afraid all too true, description of the current changes—the $100-a-room buildings going up, the new honky-tonk atmosphere in the old streets around the Square, and the resurgence of the homosexuals, phonies, and gapers. This reviewer, a mere twenty-year native, remains a staunch Village patriot, chiefly because the old easeful tone of the place is still alive, and his opinion is shared by thousands of older residents who have managed to live quietly and unobtrusively for much longer than the madding crowds that have come and gone around them. E. B. White, who resided on Twelfth Street for many years, has summed it up for all of us. In looking back to his happy Village days, he says, "It has changed . . . and so have I, and neither can blame the other."

A Fairy Tale for Adults

JOHN THOMPSON

The Empire City, by Paul Goodman. *Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.*

The Body's Cage, by Benjamin DeMott. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

The Man with the White Eyes, by Leopold Tyrmand. Translated by David Welsh. *Knopf. $4.95.*

As ambitious and insistent as a new religion, Paul Goodman's novel, *The Empire City,* ought to have succeeded in making itself impossible to read. Fortunately, it fails in this ambition. It is not what it claims to be, but neither, if we refuse to take it as Revelation, is it nothing. Rather it is a wonderfully charming fantasy, comic, informing, crackpot, erotic, the work of a self-anointed prophet, fated, like the works of other such prophets, to amuse rather than to transform us—as *Gulliver's Travels,* designed to horrify, became a child's book. This book is not for children, however. It is intensely literary and has more low-life reveries than any beatnik ever dreamed of.

The Empire City is long. It covers nearly twenty years, from 1939 to about now. Two families, in what is sometimes New York and sometimes the same place under the name of "Empire City," work out their lives together before a War, during a War, after a War, and in Modern Times. Most of these people go mad now and again, some commit incest, one murders his father, one hangs herself, some are killed in a War, and one (only a small one, though) is eaten by a tiger in Central Park. The effect is sometimes desperate but never sad or tragic; usually it is hilarious, for these characters are enjoying or suffering wild allegorical adventures, and although, as the author points out, those who die stay dead ("Eliphaz, Arthur and Laura are still dead"), there is no particular reason why this should be so unless he wants it to be. There are all kinds of miracles here, and many of these people can fly. But more than the story itself does with all its invention, more than the author's lectures with their wit and insight, the gay, casual tone of it convinces us that things are not so bad, that the author really is in touch with the secret of joy and creation.

The hero is named Horatio Alger. This Horatio, or Horace, or Eros, grows up with every advantage: he has no parents to teach him "how to be anxious," he has avoided school by tearing up his registration cards, and thus has never been "systematically retarded like the rest." He learns to read from newspaper headlines, hanging around in the streets. He is a natural nobleman, with all the gifts of the young Gargantua. Yet he is nearly wrecked by a War,

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and by the dilemma that everyone keeps discussing in this book: to live in Society is plainly impossible, yet it is equally impossible to live outside Society. This is solved by the invention of a sexual Utopia, more or less within Society; Horatio's love story and those of the other characters are the most artful and charming things in the book. The lovers in this land of "wild" psychoanalysis must pass through all the proper rites and dangers, just like Daphnis and Chloë in Arcady. I suppose the readers, like some of the characters in the book, would respond to these happy fairy tales with outraged incredulity, if we had not been delivered to them by a wave of comic energy.

In general, Paul Goodman's intentions are those of Rabelais, in favor of what is "liberating and healthful," but more than that, he knows how to bring moments of freedom itself to us by the method of Rabelais. The comedy is surrealist and obscene, the ideas cryptic and obscure; the prophecies are mad and the explanations absurd. There are of course some tedious passages in Rabelais that everyone skips.

The Body's Cage is a sparse Northern variety of "Southern" undergrowth. It deals with miserable families dying out in ruined homes in a small village some few years ago. The Pick children, Kimball and Emily, are doomed by the tangled helplessness of their parents, as their parents in their turns were doomed; there never was any hope for any of them. After a brutal life, the father has nothing left but a heavy fist. The mother is a mumbling wreck. Emily is twelve and has tuberculosis; Kimball is nineteen but acts like ten, blinded and stifled by fear of his weak father; he cannot bring himself to save his sister when she is turned over to a faith healer and left to die. This Mrs. Chithero is the Bad Witch if ever there was one. She even has three white hairs growing out of her chin. The children's maternal grandfather was a sadistic aristocrat who browbeat his daughter while his wife lay upstairs in bed drunk. He got his when the house burned down. In another house, the paternal grandfather, a rotting old farmer, lay unwashed and untrimmed, with his son's idiot bride in a state of shock lying abed in the next room. Helping Emily die, there is a windy and hypocritical preacher, a cynical and helpless doctor; there are even faithful Negro servants; all the apparatus of Faulkner is here except the luxurious style he turns loose on such Gothic nightmares. This dreadful fairy tale is short, cruel, tight, and in detail well written; but the crucial actions and the harrowing suspense all depend on human stupidity and mean mistakes, so that finally one feels neither pity nor fear as in a proper witch story, but only irritation with these small well-carved models of the grand old cast. The dumb, deluded, and humble can have dignity in their fate, but not if we are made to feel at every moment, "Snap out of it."

WHEN *The Man with the White Eyes* first appeared in Poland (as *Zly*) in 1956, during the early thaw, it was a tremendous hit. But since the novel is quite without explicit political import or literary merit, I suppose this event must remain as inexplicable as most of our own big sales. Two unlikely possibilities occur to me, one political and the other literary. The novel has a good deal of dashing and skulking in the ruins of Warsaw by petty criminals, muggers, ticket scalpers, used-car swindlers, and juvenile delinquents; it may have been exciting just to see these things in print for the first time—perhaps there is something political in that. The other possible explanation may be that the novel is really a parody, obscured in translation. These petty criminals are described as though they were Al Capones and then some, and a fellow who goes around beating up juvenile delinquents if they are rude on busses is presented as grander than Zorro. Suddenly you see those white eyes glaring out of the night, and all hell breaks loose. Then he is gone. Was it a plane, was it a bird, was it Superman? This may have been comic to Polish readers, but in English it simply has a rather amiable archaic stuffiness, a little like the works of Sax Rohmer. All the ingredients for a movie are here, though, if only the criminals can be made less petty and a few references to the Iron Curtain can be inserted.

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BOOK NOTES

ZEN AND JAPANESE CULTURE, by D. T. Suzuki. *Pantheon. $8.50.*

This is an awfully bulky score card—478 pages, not counting some seventy luxurious plates; but you really can't follow the current intellectual game without it. Professor Suzuki is *the* interpreter of Zen to the English-speaking world. Indeed, more than a few tightly trousered youngsters seem to be under the impression that he actually founded the whole Zen enterprise. The present volume is a magnificently produced collection of essays and lectures on such subjects as "Zen and Swordsmanship" (two chapters), "Zen and the Art of Tea" (ditto), "Zen and the Samurai," "Zen and Haiku," "What Is Zen?," plus some whose titles are forbidding (e.g., "Two Mondo from the 'Hekigan-shu,'" "The Vimalakirti Sutra") but whose contents are not particularly so, if you go in for this sort of thing. As always, Professor Suzuki writes with admirable lucidity and an engaging lack of pretension or stuffiness. His quotations from ancient texts are, on the whole, delicious. Thus:

> *To think that I am not going*
> *To think of you any more*
> *Is still thinking of you.*
> *Let me then try not to think*
> *That I am not going to think of you.*

TO BE A POLITICIAN, by Stimson Bullitt. Introduction by David Riesman. *Doubleday. $3.50.*

Three days after losing a primary election into which he had put much time, work, and money, Stimson Bullitt was asked by a friend he encountered in an elevator, "Say, how's your campaign coming along?" It is characteristic of Mr. Bullitt, a literate young lawyer involved in politics of the Northwest, that he does not take such an incident as a departure point for a harangue against popular indifference to public affairs. For, oddly enough, he is a politician who believes that politicians have an obligation not to be boring. There is, in fact, an entire chapter devoted to boredom, in this group of lively essays which comment generally on the changing role of the politician in America today and describe, from Mr. Bullitt's own experience, the dilemmas, dangers, and rewards awaiting those who seek elective office. Since he is neither a party hack nor a hit-and-run amateur, it is not surprising that Mr. Bullitt's chief concerns in these essays are, first, how to deal with the twin pressures of duty and desire to survive in office, and second, how far it is possible to lead one's constituents and how far it is necessary to reflect and represent them. He is able to range through the moral and practical aspects of these problems without pomposity or cynicism. When is a contribution a bribe? What is the best time to introduce a daring or unpopular idea? To what extent is the candidate responsible for slander against his opponent if it is started by his campaign aides? And what are the best spots for approaching strangers with the object of shaking hands? The answer to this last is that factory gates are best, supermarket parking lots not bad, race tracks pretty unprofitable, and bars and taverns altogether hopeless.

A PAINTER OF OUR TIME, by John Berger. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

Janos Lavin, the protagonist of this earnest, unusual, and somewhat arid novel, is neither the Gulley Jimson nor the Vincent Toulouse-Gauguin one might expect in a fictional artist, but a hard-working, socially responsible, politically involved painter, desperately grappling to reconcile the disparate elements of his fragmented existence. A Hungarian, a Marxist, and an émigré since the overthrow of the revolutionary government of 1919, he has worked in obscurity in London for almost two decades, and disappears in rather enigmatic circumstances, just as he is achieving a measure of recognition at the age of sixty, a few days before the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Mr. Berger, a prominent English art critic, Marxist, and painter himself, has written his novel in the form of a random journal kept by Lavin during the five years prior to his disappearance, which is augmented by the expository notes of a friend who discovers the volume after his departure. While the author doesn't quite bring all this off, *A Painter of Our Time* is peppered with observations on painting, politics, and the role of the artist in contemporary society that merit attention, even if some are silly and outrageous. Mr. Berger's basilisk's-eye view of those on the periphery of the art world—fashionable hacks, dealers, collectors, award jurors, critics, and vaguely connected hangers-on—is alone well worth the price of admission.

CONTEMPORARY CANADA, by Miriam Chapin. *Oxford. $7.*

When it comes to Canada, there are two kinds of Americans: those who consider it a rather pallid and undiscernible extension of the United States (with more lakes and more snow and less history), and those who find it so quaint that they invite Canadian students at American universities to come to parties in their native dress. Mrs. Chapin's book should be required reading, not only for both varieties of her American countrymen but also for those Canadians who smugly and self-righteously weigh America daily in the scales and conspicuously find it wanting. Her tart and intelligent examination points up much that is enlightened in Canadian public life and character, and much that is exasperating and parochial. A former correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* Mrs. Chapin has written a highly informative and entertaining study that touches lightly on Canada's history, diversity, economics, and culture. She tells the reader what to make of a nation of seemingly irreconcilable contradictions—where people tend to be rigidly authoritarian and conservative, yet comfortably countenance eccentrics and a brand of socialized medicine; where children, in Quebec, who are segregated into three separate public school systems, may marry at twelve but not attend the movies until they are sixteen; where both capital and labor (in the form of union leadership) tend to come from the south, but where the United States is deplored and resented, while at the same time Canada's leading export to the south continues to be its own young university graduates.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS BETTERS, by R. C. Churchill. *Indiana University Press. $5.*
THE POACHER FROM STRATFORD, by Frank W. Wadsworth. *University of California Press. $4.50.*

Both these books are in defense of the orthodox view that it was Shakespeare who wrote Shakespeare's works. Mr. Churchill's book is by far the worthier of the two. It gives a very competent history of the controversy, tries to separate the reasonable heterodoxies from the merely crackpot ones, and even gives a fair indication of what an intelligent anti-Stratfordian might think. Mr. Wadsworth, on the other hand, though he writes elegantly enough, is snippety, concentrates on the weirdest of the cranks, and conveys the impression of reporting on a slumming expedition. Oddly enough, the effect of these books on one naïve reader was to spill a strong grain of doubt onto virgin opinion. It *is* true that the few facts we have about Shakespeare do not fit very well into what we learn about the author from reading the plays and poems. Perhaps the best defense of orthodoxy, in this as in other matters, is silence.

THE FOURTH BRANCH OF GOVERNMENT, by our Washington Editor, Douglass Cater, has just been published. (*Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*)

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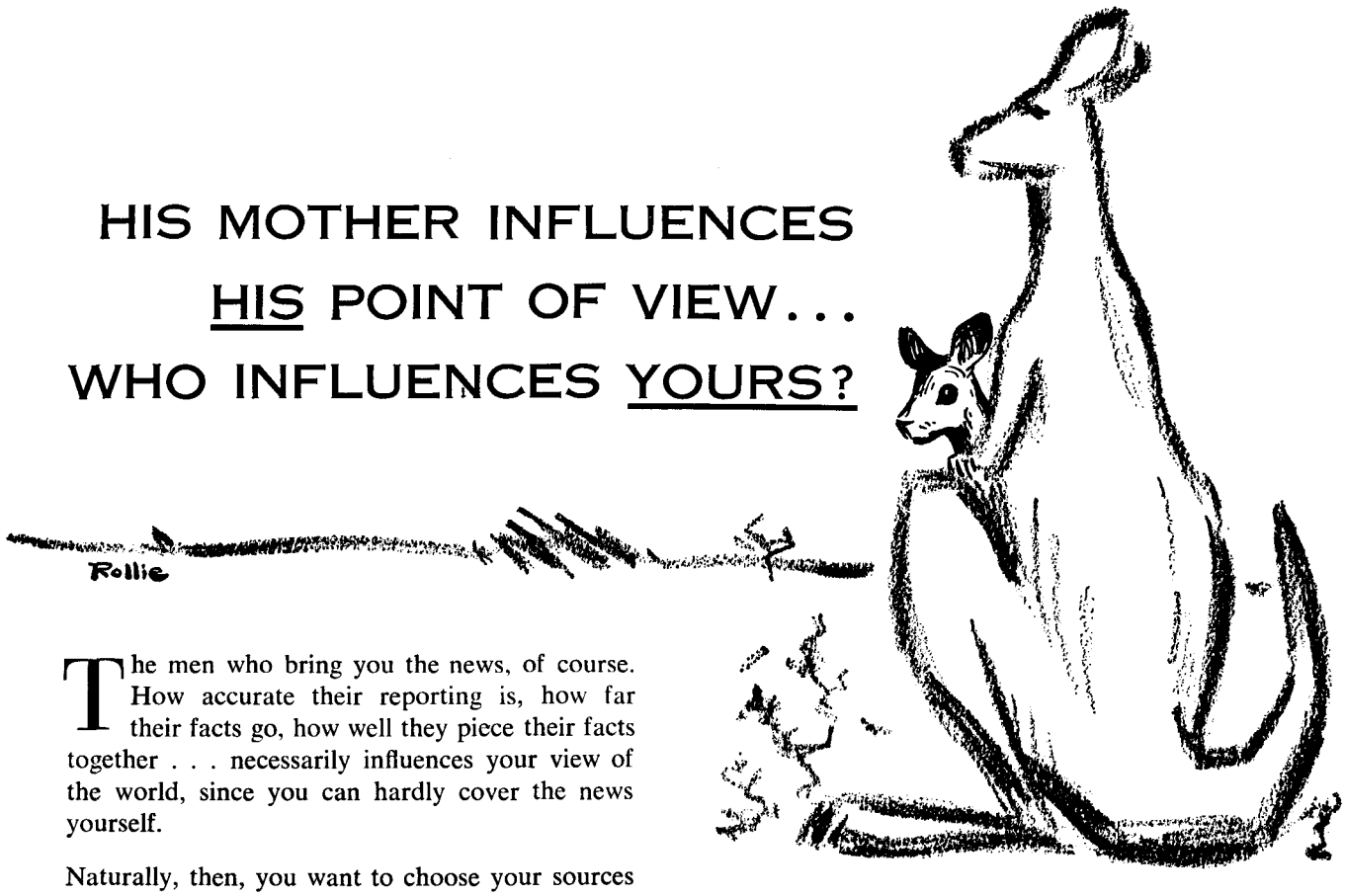

The men who bring you the news, of course. How accurate their reporting is, how far their facts go, how well they piece their facts together . . . necessarily influences your view of the world, since you can hardly cover the news yourself.

Naturally, then, you want to choose your sources as carefully as possible . . .

And the simplest way to do this is to choose THE REPORTER. For THE REPORTER always goes to the top authorities in each field, to the leading journalists who logically know most about what is happening.

THE REPORTER'S approach is to have them tell you *everything* you need to know about the news . . . to ask them to dig out important facts that may be missing . . . to pursue a trail of facts around the world, if necessary, until you have the *whole* story.

THE REPORTER doesn't consider its job done until you have learned not only what is happening, but why it is happening . . . and who or what is behind it.

THE REPORTER'S happy combination of searching journalism and scholarly research has turned up so many vital stories, has told its readers so much *more* about the world and its ways, that THE REPORTER has won sixteen distinguished journalism awards in the past three years. It won these awards because the judges—people who work and live in the news field—fully appreciate the value and unique quality of THE REPORTER'S kind of research, editing, and writing.

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How I Turned $1,000 into a Million

--starting in my spare time

AN AMAZING STORY THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by William Nickerson

PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars — or even $200,000 — is the act of believing it to be possible. This may be the stumbling block which will keep you from seizing upon the extraordinary opportunity presented here.

Out of every thousand people who read this page, perhaps only 10 will be able to overcome their ingrained skepticism enough to send away for more information. And out of those ten, perhaps only one or two will exploit this opportunity to the hilt. But those fortunate few may enjoy the kind of financial success that millions dream of but only a few achieve.

You can pyramid personal savings of $2,500 ($50 a month, plus interest, for 4 years) into an estate worth $219,972 in 14 years . . . $1,187,295 in 20 years.

Your chances for success are better than 400 to 1 — in fact, 1600 times better than if you went into business — according to actual U.S. government statistics.

And most, if not all, of your new wealth will be yours to keep tax-free — not even subject to capital gains tax!

I did better than that. When I was 25, my wife Lucille and I started saving part of my first modest earnings as a telephone company employee. In three years we had saved the down payment to buy a home. I began looking about for a way to insure a modest retirement income to supplement my telephone company pension.

From "Scratch" to $500,000 by 42

Starting with only the $1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into $500,000 by the time I was 42 — all in my spare time. I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments — with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

Many friends turned to me for advice on how they could follow me up the road to fortune. Finally I decided to write a unique guidebook, in which I would share my money-making secrets.

But editors who read my first manuscript told me: "Ah, but your success depended on starting during the depression. It could never happen again!"

Another $500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study *other* men's money-making experiences, and *current*, non-depression-period opportunities. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that *in 2 years I doubled my estate to over $1,000,000.*

Now my book, HOW I TURNED $1000 INTO A MILLION, is ready at last. And in it I reveal — and tell how to use — these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1. How to harness the secret force of free enterprise — the pyramiding power of borrowed money. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2. How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to *pyramid* your capital, there is a definite set of conditions to look for.

3. How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property — thereby increasing your equity.

4. How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily *without* its being subject to income taxes — not even capital gains tax! J. K. Lasser's famous guide, YOUR INCOME TAX, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

If you have about $2500 right now — or if you can save only $50 a month for the next four years — you can start out soundly along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of $50 a month, or $600 a year, for two more years after that, making a total investment from your personal savings of $3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. *In addition,* if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

In 2 years, your $3600 grows to $5,800.
In 4 years, you have $11,575.
In 6 years, $21,681.
In 8 years, $39,363.
In 10 years, $70,548.
In 12 years, $124,884.
In 14 years, $219,972.
In 16 years, $386,376.
In 18 years, $677,583.
In 20 years, $1,187,195.

How far you want to go up this ladder depends on how much retirement income you would like. You can *conservatively* expect to earn an average net return of 6% on your personal equity. So, if you would be satisfied with a retirement income of at least $12,000 a year, you might decide to stop when your equity reaches $200,000.

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But — but — it's not that simple. There *must* be a catch to it!"

Of course there's a catch to it! There are hundreds of "catches" — hundreds of pitfalls and traps for the unwary who have never traveled what I call the "realty road to riches." But I made it, by learning as I went along. And you have a priceless advantage which I never had — the advantage of being able to know beforehand everything I had to learn by trial-and-error.

My 497-page book is literally the product of a lifetime, into which I have poured every distilled ounce of practical knowledge I gained along the road to fortune. It answers all the questions on real estate operations that my friends have ever asked me. I lead you through one actual transaction after another, setting forth each step in detail.

This method of making money is *not* dependent on continued economic boom or inflation. It *is* benefited and underwritten by America's continuing *population* boom, which is expected to result in 77 million more people by 1980. And it is comparatively recession-proof.

Read Book for 2 Weeks Free — Then Decide

You may have other questions, other doubts. Rather than attempt to answer them all here, the publishers invite you to examine my book free for two weeks in your own home. If you're not impressed, return the book in two weeks and pay nothing, owe nothing. Otherwise it's yours to keep for only $4.95 plus a few cents postage. Mail coupon or write to: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. 106, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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